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FINGERPRINTS

... never lie

General registration would save money, time and anxiety

By A STAFF REPORTER

Half a million sets of fingerprints will soon be on file in the Central Fingerprint Bureau in Sydney, which this year was established to co-ordinate records of every police force in Australia.

Fingerprints are being forwarded from the various States' bureaus to be added to those already on file for New South Wales.

RECENTLY Senator Foill supported a suggestion that every person in Australia should be fingerprinted.

Before the outbreak of war there was an international move to register the fingerprints of every living person.

John Edgar Hoover, head of America's G-men, was one of the chief advocates of the international scheme when it was mooted.

In the meantime a national civil fingerprint bureau has been established in Washington. Registration is voluntary, but hundreds of thousands of American citizens, including business leaders and Congressmen, have supported the movement.

In America, too, a system of foot-printing babies to prevent confusion of new-born children has been instituted in some hospitals. (Foot-prints show equally distinctive markings.)

A great deal of prejudice has to be overcome before national fingerprinting will be accepted though the arguments in the scheme's favor appear unanswerable.

There are one hundred million sets of fingerprints on record throughout the world, every one of them different.

They are a positive means of identification.

Thus, in the case of an unidentified body, a victim of a traffic accident, or a sufferer from loss of memory, untold anxiety, time, and trouble could be saved.

Advocates of compulsory fingerprinting point out that no honest

person has anything to fear from such a scheme. Rather would the average honest citizen have much to gain from it.

For instance, one fingerprint expert points out that bigamous marriages would become impossible if it were compulsory to register fingerprints in childhood, and submit them before marriage.



INSTRUCTOR explains fingerprint ridge characteristics to police students.

How to find from all those thousands of prints a set exactly similar?

Sergeant Walkom explained it thus: "If you can spell a word you can find it in the dictionary. If you understand fingerprint classification you can within two to five minutes find whether the prints exist in our files."

Prints are indexed under the Henry system, so called after Sir Edward Henry, who in 1897 introduced fingerprint records to Scotland Yard.

The ridges on the fingers exist in fixed patterns of which the three groups are known as arches, loops, and whorls. These three groups are made up of seven types.

Classification is done by means of a code system of numbers and letters indicating the fingers referred to, the pattern, and the ridge count between certain fixed points.

This classification is elaborated according to the size of the records kept.

Skilled work

HAVING found the prints which conform to the classifications, identity is established on ridge characteristics. They may, for instance, show broken ridges at certain points, be very short ridges, or show "island" or "dot" formations.

"Many people find it difficult at first," said Sergeant Walkom. "Very often a beginner may work in a fogged state for three months and suddenly one day he finds he has mastered it."

"Its study, like all exact sciences, requires patience and great concentration. To an expert it is, however, as simple as the alphabet."

When prints are found which cannot be traced on Australian criminal records, and it is thought that Scotland Yard may have them, the fingerprints can be cabled to the Yard by means of the "Collins code." A cable containing a series of numbers is sent, and these numbers enable the Yard to make a positive identification from their records.

In normal times, within seven or eight hours the Yard can let the Australian police know whether the prints are on their records.

For record purposes prints are taken of the fingers and thumbs of both hands. Identification can be made, however, by the finding of a single print.

A bad burn may damage the original ridges of the fingers, but an expert can still make identification.

John Dillinger, America's Public Enemy No. 1, had a surgical operation and acid burns done to disguise his fingerprints, but G-men detected the ruse.



SERGEANT J. S. WALKOM, in charge of the Central Fingerprint Bureau, searching the files.

The cost of the system would be offset by the money saved the community in police investigation.

The famous "Pyjama Girl" case has cost many thousands of pounds in a fruitless endeavor to establish the identity of the victim.

In the "Human Glove" case in New South Wales in 1933 a murdered man was identified by his fingerprints at a negligible cost.

Anyone who reads the newspaper Court columns and detective stories knows that fingerprints are the most tell-tale evidence a criminal can leave behind him.

They can be left on any smooth, solid surface. Those not immediately visible ("latent") prints are revealed when the skilled hand brushes a special powder over them with a fine camel-hair brush.

Even paper, when black powder is applied, has its tale to tell of the fingers which have handled it.

Sergeant J. S. Walkom, who is in charge of the Central Fingerprint Bureau in Sydney, showed me the searching-room where experts are at work classifying, searching and recording fingerprints. (Sergeant Walkom, incidentally, was in charge of the fingerprint inquiries on the "Human Glove" case.)

In this room, lined with steel cabinets containing the fingerprint records, each man sits at a well-lit table, armed with a magnifying glass.

When a robbery or a murder is committed detectives search for fingerprints, and if the article showing them cannot be removed, photograph them.

Next step is to search the recorded prints. I saw the searching-room where this work is done.



FINGERPRINTS of John Dillinger, American gangster. Top: A print of one finger appeared when normal. Lower: As he later disguised them with acid burns and mutilating surgery. But experts could still identify the prints.

Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE



SIR J. MADSEN, MR. R. WATT

... radiolocation

SIR JOHN MADSEN, Sydney University professor, and Mr. R. A. Watson Watt, of the British Air Ministry, were mainly responsible for perfecting Britain's anti-aircraft device known as radiolocation. By this method, the course of aircraft can be detected in fog, darkness, or daylight.

For his work in this connection Sir John was recently knighted. He is now engaged on further research work in England and U.S.A.



MISS CARLINE REID

... in Malaya

MISS CARLINE REID, of Hobart, went to Malaya a little over a year ago on a holiday trip. Accepted job as secretary to Adjutant of Selangor Defence Corps, which is part of the Malaya Home Defence Organisation. Adjutant is Captain W. F. N. Churchill, relative of Winston.

Miss Reid shares office building with three clerks, storekeepers, and armors. It overlooks the corps parade ground.



COMMANDER A. FIREBRACE

... O.C. firefighters

APPOINTED chief of the recently reorganised National Fire Service, Commander A. N. G. Firebrace, R.N. (retired), is Britain's number one fireman. Since the outbreak of war he has been regional fire officer for London.

Annual cost of the service is £27,000,000, with 80,000 auxiliary firemen, and 150,000 more on part-time duty.

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BILE BEANS

ON SPECIAL DUTY

Humorous short story

**By
DOROTHY
BLACK**

THE HEADQUARTERS of the Graveline Corps was Lady Graveline's house in Dorchester Square. Where once the aristocracy had milled and chattered together at weddings and receptions, women now sat over typewriters, doing wonders with two fingers.

They were not allowed to wear a uniform, being exceedingly unofficial and of independent means. So the regulation dress was slacks and polo-neck sweaters, with a neat but harmless armlet, and tin hats when on duty.

Upon each ice-blue door a notice now hung.

"Inquiries. Recruiting Officer. Commandant."

Unofficial they might be, but undisciplined—never! The senior "officers" had the first floor to themselves. The ground floor was a packing department, given over entirely to Miss Lodestar and a debutante niece who came to help from time to time.

The offices upstairs were sparsely furnished with a few chairs and tables, mostly broken—the more inventive made out in corners with a packing case. Every one had a military rank, except Sylvia, who had gone in on one of those vague engagements because she happened to be a mannequin in the shop that dressed Lady Graveline, until, like so many others in London, it closed down.

"We'll find a niche for you somewhere," Lady Graveline had said.

So far it hadn't boiled down to anything definite, but there was always something for her to do. She went from room to room, doing the work of anyone who failed to turn up, and at week-ends she drove their solitary ambulance, known as the Tiger, on various errands which no other more self-respecting ambulance would willingly perform.

To-day she was penned in "Inquiries" and told to file some forms. It was not easy, because there was nothing to file them in. She laid them carefully on the floor in alphabetical order, but whenever Miss Clementina Bull passed by she whisked them this way and that with her long skirt. Though Miss Bull would never see fourteen stone again, she was amazingly agile.

The Graveline motto was, "Go anywhere, do anything, any time."

There were no buzzers or bells in the Graveline building. If you wanted anything or anyone, you went to the door and shouted. Women always seem to work under disabilities. Most of the typewriters lacked a letter or so, and often it was the letter "e." The commandant worked at a card table gone in one leg.

"It simply isn't fair," she said frequently. In private life she had been a hunting woman, and always about her there lingered a suggestion of good stabling. "It simply isn't fair when people say they will turn up and don't. Here is Mrs. Pardoe absent again, and Lady Cranworth is late. It's impossible to run a show when people will not be efficient. I labor for efficiency, but when I speak to them about it the leg comes off my card table."

Miss Bull laughed.

The commandant did not like Miss Bull. If it hadn't been for the fact that she was practically the only one of them who could change a wheel without male assistance, she would have had the ancient order of the boot long ago.

"Don't stand there grinning, Miss Denison," said the commandant acidly. "Let me see, what are you doing to-day?"

"I have been down in 'Inquiries' all this

morning doing the filing. This afternoon, I take the ambulance down to Winchfield. There are four convalescents to be brought back. I have their names and numbers, commandant."

"Then see you start punctually."

"Very good, ma'am," Sylvia saluted as she had been taught, and the commandant softened a little. She liked to have things done smartly.

It was a lovely sunny afternoon when Sylvia started off. If it hadn't been the Tiger she was driving she would have looked forward to this trip out of town. Winchfield was on the way to the coast, and though you did not exactly get sea air, you got a whiff of something very like it coming over the dunes.

The Tiger started with its usual ill-will, nearly jerking the wheel from Sylvia's hands, and shattering the quiet life of the square with a noisy backfire that brought a few languid faces to windows to look at the sky. Sylvia backed, the engine spitting and spluttering as it always did, and emitting clouds of black smoke from the stern. As she drove round the corner, she saw, marooned on the edge of the kerb, carrying a small suitcase, the square, substantial figure of Miss Clementina Bull.

"Don't tell me I haven't missed you, dearie! Don't tell me you are going to Winchfield?" said Miss Bull. "This is the sort of luck that rarely happens to me. I say, heave me a line and haul me on board. This is the best thing that has happened to me since Pancake Day!"

She settled herself, wheezing and puffing, at Sylvia's side in the driver's cab. There were strict rules drawn up by the commandant against giving people lifts on ambulance duty, but they were out of sight of the corps headquarters, so no one took any notice of that.

"Week-end off," said Miss Bull. "She didn't want me to have it, but I put my foot down. There are quite enough of us hanging around there, really, and, anyway, I take up far too much room. To tell you the truth, I hadn't been feeling well. Must have eaten something. They rather serve up all and sundry in my club these days. In wartime you never know what you may eat next. Didn't mention it to the commandant. She is always well herself, so, womanlike, convinced everyone else could be so if they really tried. Her engine never knocks, and her plugs do not cease from sparking, bless her heart."

The Tiger heaved and creaked through the country lanes like a runaway caravan.

"I'm going down to spend the week-end

with a nephew, Nicky Adair. He's been at sea for months, poor lad, and when he comes home it's to a empty house. Nasty little wife he had. Some sailors have foul taste in women. She left him and went off with someone else. It was money she was after. That was years ago, but it's left the poor boy with a bad taste in his mouth. He's turned into a confirmed bachelor."

They rattled through the pleasant country lanes. The air was full of the scent of sweet white clover. An aeroplane looking no larger than a silver gnat flew high among the clouds. Miss Bull stopped talking suddenly.

"Sylvia," she said urgently. "I'm sorry—I don't feel very well."

Mercifully they kept an emergency box in the ambulance. It was fitted up with bandages, and first aid appliances, including a small bottle of morphia and a syringe, a brandy flask, and a vacuum flask full of hot water. Sylvia dealt competently with Miss Bull's faint, looking at her anxiously. If Miss Bull did not come round, there was rather more of her than she could deal with single-handed, and they had stopped in a lonesome place.

Revived with the brandy, Miss Bull sat up, annoyed.

"There!" she said. "What a tiresome thing to do, but when it comes over me like that, out I go. No, dear, it's nothing more romantic than indigestion. I know every symptom. My engine starts knocking and then the big end goes, and there I am. But when it's over it's over. Just let me sit still for a minute."

She broke off.

"Hello. What have we here?"

Down the lane towards them came a tall staff officer, pompous in the glory of gold oak leaf and crimson tabs. He looked dusty and a trifle put out, he was hard and lean and handsome in a taking soldierly manner.

"I wonder if you happen to be going in my direction?" he asked.

"We're going to Winchfield, taking the ambulance to the hospital to bring some convalescents back," said Miss Bull, chattily. She was still sitting on the grass hugging her knees. She hadn't yet got to the state where she could stand up with entire confidence.

"Do me nicely. My car has broken down some way back. My A.D.C. was fortunately with me, and is working on it, but I am afraid he does not know very much about it. These young men are not as clever as they look."

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"You don't suppose he'll die?" Sylvia said, as Miss Bull raised the man's head from the ground.

BRIEF RETURN

By

M. G. Eberhart

In the pursuit of Basil's murderer many family secrets were brought to light—final instalment of this mystery serial



I kept close to the wall as I heard someone come hurriedly up the stairs.

RODNEY, frozen for a moment, bobbed to his feet. "You can't do this, Bates! You can't arrest Jenny. You've not got evidence."

"Oh, haven't I?" said Bates. "I have motive, opportunity, ownership of weapon. But now I have something I have never before seen in connection with a murder. It's complete—clear—entirely conclusive. I've never seen anything so convincing in all the evidence I've collected. It's as near to seeing a thing with your own eyes as anybody could ever have to offer as evidence. It's not evidence—it's proof. The jury need take only one look—"

He was tired, of course. Hot and waspish and had been the target of more or less criticism lately as Scotland Yard always is when a murder problem is not immediately solved, and solved to the public liking. He wanted the dinner he'd gone without—and a thunderstorm was coming nearer and nearer, and pulling at his nerves as it did at mine. But nothing will ever, to my mind, excuse his air of triumph; his delight in the neatness and finality of the case he was now ready to represent.

"It's absolutely final," he said. "No use in our beating about the bush any longer about this, Walters. We can get all these dispositions later. We've got everything we need. We've got the nearest proof a man ever had. Good heavens," he said, forgetting us and himself. "Think of the papers!"

Walters said slowly: "There's something we haven't got tied up yet."

But Bates picked him up quickly: "Nonsense. It's all here. I'll take a little time to check everything. But when we've got what we've got—"

"I'm Miss Shore's lawyer," said Rodney. "You can't—"

"Oh, yes, I can," said Bates. "Show them, Sergeant."

"There's no need to show 'em," said Walters slowly. He wouldn't

look at Tom. He wouldn't look at me. He said: "What he's got is—a photograph. You see, Alastair Evans had got it. We found it there. It—it's most extraordinary. In fact, I don't see how—you see it's a picture of Miss Jenny—"

"On the bridge! In the moonlight! With Houlty!" cried Bates triumphantly. "It's a picture taken with that camera that Alastair Evans had. It was his hobby. How he got it—why—we'll never know. It's all very clear. There was moonlight. You stood on the bridge. Miss Shore, with Houlty. And Alastair Evans was there on the bank below the bridge—and took that photograph. He was, of course, the man Collins saw. Hurry up, Sergeant. It's no use prolonging this."

I tried to speak. My mouth was so dry and stiff that nothing came out.

For I simply couldn't believe it. Life may be full of coincidence, but this was too cruel, too bitter a blow to be sheer accident. It was as if the very fates themselves had conspired against Jenny.

She had stood on the bridge with Basil for, at the most, fifteen or twenty minutes. It simply wasn't possible that during that very twenty minutes Alastair had been seized with an irresistible urge to photograph our bridge.

Yet—the bridge was old and arched and I supposed, picturesque. The moonlight was clear and white on the river, the shadows everywhere deep and black. The moon was full and only that afternoon he'd been talking idly of moonlight pictures. And then Walters said: "I'll show you," and did.

We all looked. Slowly, shocked, convinced at last for the very good reason that the picture existed, say or think what we might. I, myself, had a good long look at it. It was small but very clear, taken, I thought, from the bank perhaps sixty feet below the bridge. There was a sweep of river, and in the middle

distance the bridge and two figures on it which, in spite of the smallness, were both clearly recognisable.

"We've had it under a magnifying glass," said Walters. "We'll have enlarged prints made. But it's Miss Jenny and Mr. Basil." And I remembered Jenny's stumbling little voice saying: "I tried—to kill him. I tried—and I couldn't."

They would never believe it. No one had ever, in all the tragic history of murder, had so weak a defence. Weak? It was no defence. It was all but confession. And it still seemed to me there was something wrong about the picture—something too fortuitous.

"The candid camera," said Bates and started to chuckle and stopped.

ALICE hadn't moved, or Cynthia. I was vaguely conscious of Joe's shocked face in the doorway. Tom said, dully: "You can't arrest her. She didn't kill him." I think he shared my own appalling sense of doom.

"Can you prove that?" said the Superintendent, swinging his bulk heavily round towards Tom. "I thought not. All right, Sergeant. Don't be squeamish. Ladies have been in prison before now."

"I'm afraid you'll have to come along, Miss Jenny," said Walters. "Have you a warrant?" demanded Rodney.

It launched considerable verbal wrangling. The Superintendent said they didn't need one and Rodney, right or wrong, stood his ground. But in the end, and I was never quite sure how and why, Rodney won and they agreed, Bates angrily, that Jenny could stay at Tenacres that night. Under guard, of course. It was Walters, of course, who was the deciding factor and he was willing

to stretch a point. Besides, everyone knew there was no chance of Jenny's escaping.

Jenny had said nothing. I remember Rodney telling her not to, but I think she was, really, stunned by the suddenness of the thing. It was, of course, just as well. I took her hand and it was like stone.

There is a kind of space there that I cannot well remember. There were voices and wrangling and commotion. Jenny was to stay in her room. It developed, and Bates, having been obliged to give in on one point, clung stubbornly to another and that was that she was to be alone with police guards in the hall and all round the house. They wouldn't let me stay with her; they wouldn't even let Mabel stay with her, which I thought was inhuman.

The whole thing was utterly, fantastically incredible. It was nightmarish and unreal, and yet poignantly real for it was happening. Policemen were in my own upstairs hall watching me coldly when I came upstairs. I could hear in the distance the sound of motor-cycles and cars, carrying Walters and Bates and several of their detectives away.

Tom and Rodney stood below. I think they had tried to reassure me—at least Rodney had. He'd get the best defence that money could buy. Tom, white and still, said nothing. I'd seen him watch Jenny out of sight as she went like a sleep-walker, except that her little head was held high, up the stairs and out of sight.

Cynthia had already taken Alice to her room and was going to stay with her that night. I didn't know why or what arrangement they had come to. I only remembered that Cynthia had put her arm around Alice and had taken her away. And Alice's door was closed when I came upstairs.

Joe, too, had watched from the pantry door, with Mabel and cook peering over his shoulder, unrebuked.

I hadn't more than entered my own room, still stupid and dazed, when Tom followed me. He knocked lightly and when I opened the door came in.

He put his arms round me. "Don't give up," he whispered. "It's not over yet."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing. Listen, Miss Mary, go and ask Alice about the kitten. The night Basil was killed. Ask if she let the kitten into the house. Then tell me exactly what she says."

Well, of course, I did so. Cynthia came to the door in some of Jenny's dark pyjamas.

"I'm going to stay with Alice," she said. "She's upset and wants me. I can sleep in the guest-room next door."

It was, of course, kind of her, and I said so. And asked Alice about the kitten.

Rather to my surprise she had seen the kitten and remembered perfectly. Had not only seen him, but had picked him up on the terrace and put him inside the house.

"I knew he'd follow me," she said. "Why do you ask?"

"Did he have his bell on?" She frowned. "No. No. I'm sure he didn't. But why?"

I said something and went back to Tom.

But he only listened and said finally: "I must see Jenny. I think they'll let me. Will you come, too?"

I would, and did.

But the policemen on guard would not let me see her, and they did permit Tom to see her. Clearly I was not to be trusted.

"I suppose it's all right, doctor. For ten minutes." He knocked, and Jenny answered and unlocked the door. Well, I was glad they gave her the small courtesy of locking her own door; and I waited. The two policemen and I regarded one another steadily.

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PETER IS WITH DAD

Jane's parents were rich and wanted to make life with a poor man easy for her, but her husband had another point of view.

By NARD JONES

IT was all over the town. Of course, Jane Reeves could not have got married without everybody knowing about it and discussing it. But in the usual way it would have been heralded first by a formal announcement, then perhaps a party to celebrate the event, local photographers falling over themselves to take the happy pair, the bride's mother sending particulars out formally to the local paper.

After all, Jane Reeves was the only child of the town's wealthiest resident, and her father employed in some way or another a very large number of men and women in the town and surrounding villages on work of national importance.

No, it was the way Jane did it (and perhaps the man she married) that was causing the exceptional interest in the quietest wedding on record even for wartime. She and Peter Barnes just made up their minds, got the licence and were married early one morning without letting anyone know.

An enterprising reporter discovered the news, telephoned old Mr. Reeves and told him what had happened. "You're a liar," said Mr. Reeves and replaced the receiver. When the reporter got in touch with Mrs. Reeves, all he got was a faint cry which sounded like a prelude to unconsciousness.

The last straw seemed to be when it was discovered that Peter's father was a retired Civil servant, a widower, living in a small cottage a few miles away. No one had heard of him.

Mr. Reeves was ready when, two days later, the bride and bridegroom returned. He happened to be drinking tea, sitting in the huge sun loggia he'd had built on the verandah, and when Jane caught sight of him she braked the car and said to Peter, "Hold tight, old thing, this is a dangerous corner!"

Peter nodded, his lips a little pale. He got out of the car as it stopped, and walked up the steps just ahead of Jane. Old Reeves put down his tea and watched, his eyes cold blue slits.

"Of course, sir," Peter Barnes faltered, "of course, you know that Jane and I are married."

There was no answer and the eyes stayed cold.

"It—it wasn't quite the thing," young Peter said, "to do it the way we did. But you see, sir, we're quite sure we can be happy. I'm being called up soon. And we knew that we would never get your permission." He hadn't meant to add that, but it slipped out.

Mr. Reeves seemed to be waiting for more. Jane stood there looking at her father, and then her eyes grew narrow, too.

"Peter," she said softly, "I'm going in to tell mother the news."

For the first time her father spoke. "Your mother has gone to town. She feels exactly the same about it." He turned his glance to Peter. "I tried to get in touch with your father, but he isn't on the telephone." Most peculiar to have no telephone, he said with contempt. "Am I to understand, young man, that you haven't a job?"

"Well, sir, I'm being called up soon," Peter murmured. "But we have no intention of—living on your money."

"At least that's something," Mr. Reeves snapped. He was silent a moment. "All I have to add is that your behaviour is unforgivable. I cannot imagine through what agency you have got to know my daughter—a young woman who has had every advantage and who might at least be expected to marry a man who could afford to keep her."

"Wait a minute, dad," Jane stood there with her low shoes wide apart and her hands pushed deep into the pockets of her flannel skirt. "I've known Peter for a year. He's been to this house at least two dozen times with other friends. You've met him most of those times."

"I don't keep track of everybody who comes to the house. In these days you can never be sure who is here. But I did trust a daughter of mine."

"Come on, Peter," Jane took his arm and turned towards the drive. Dumbly he went with her. From the wheel of the car Jane called towards the verandah in an even voice. "I'll leave this in the garage for you."

There was no answer.

Peter stared through the wind-screen, not believing what he had seen and heard, not wanting to believe it. The girl beside him touched his knee. "It was a little worse than I expected. I thought dad would blow his head off. But I wasn't expecting that cruel streak. I haven't seen him any calm like that." She shuddered a little. "But don't worry, darling. Mother will understand."

There was a long silence. Then Peter said, "We shouldn't have done this, Jane. I shouldn't have let you."

"You said all that before. It's done now, and I'm glad." She reached over and kissed him on the ear.

"But it—it isn't right for a father to feel like that towards his daughter. We must have hurt him terribly."

"Hurt Henry Reeves? Don't be silly. No one can hurt him. He's too sure of himself."

"You could hurt him," Peter pointed out. "He loves you. You've always got on marvellously."

"Yes, darling, as long as I did not cross him. I always knew what would happen if I wanted something badly—something he didn't want me to have, I mean." She smiled up at him. "Trouble is, you're the first thing I've ever wanted that dad hadn't already given me!"

Peter's blunt, straightforward features grew troubled. He felt strangely at odds with this

to his resolution not to make use of Jane's advantages.

He had pointed out the difficulties, not in stormy warning, but softly—as one speaks to a sleep-walker near an open window. Peter had always thought of his father as a wise and happy man, but how wise and gentle he had never known till then.

Jane and Peter had twenty pounds between them. Seven of them had been Jane's, the rest was what Peter had left after their two-day honeymoon was over. They found a small flat in a neighboring town.

It was difficult finding a job—no one wanted a man who was waiting to be called up at any minute, but at last Peter found a job in a temporarily created war organisation. The salary was small, but they were determined to live on it, drawing on their small bank balance.

Jane's mother could not believe it.



DES CONDOI

"If dad wants to help us why not let him?" Jane said. "Why should you worry?"

was possible. She called on them furtively as if she expected her husband might be following her. She tried to give them money which they would not take. Then she took to bringing them parcels of food, often delicacies which they could never afford.

And then one day Mrs. Reeves sent Jane a dress by the Reeves' chauffeur, who was passing the flat on his way to pick up Mr. Reeves. It came in the afternoon, and Jane put it on before Peter came home. At first he didn't notice it, and

when he did, he said, "That's new, isn't it, darling?"

"It's about time you noticed it!" she said, pretending to be annoyed.

"Where did you get it? You look marvellous in it, but it looks expensive to me."

Jane met his eyes. "Mother sent it."

"Now, darling—we can't have that."

"But why, Peter?"

He cleared his throat. "Because if you take it your mother will want you to take more clothes. One thing

will lead to another, and before we know where we are we'll be doing what we swore we wouldn't do. Send it back, Jane."

"But Peter—"

"I'll take it back myself and explain. She'll understand our point."

"Peter, darling, I haven't had a new thing since we've been married. It's a present. She'll be hurt, and we won't be able to get anything quite so nice for a long time."

"A lot of people don't ever wear clothes as nice as that."

Jane nodded patiently. "I know, Peter. It isn't that I have to have dresses like this to be happy."

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Dinner for Three

A Romantic Story

By ...

ALICE MEANS REEVE

SITTING in her cheap hotel room, Constance Stafford, who had dined with dukes and called a prince by his first name, stared at the advertisement which she had inserted in the daily papers for three days past.

"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach." So wouldn't YOU like to serve a GET YOUR MAN dinner to someone? A delectable dinner, a dinner with GOMPH. The HEART CATERER will come to your house, prepare it for you. Phone MARKET 3149.

She supposed now such an advertisement sounded insane, but she had had to do something—or discover how to live without eating. The whole idea had been suggested by that chance remark of Arthur Littlepage.

"Constance," Arthur had declared, gazing rapturously at his heaped plate, "with such cooking as this you could get yourself a job or a husband any time you wanted to!"

Constance and her father had both laughed.

That had been a year ago, before Mr. Stafford's fortune had been swept away almost overnight, before his tragic death which left Constance practically penniless. The telephone rang and Constance leaped to answer it.

"About this advertisement—is it just a joke, or can you actually cook a 'Get Your Man' dinner?"

"As guaranteed!" declared Constance. "All you have to do is to supply the man and I'll furnish the

dinner." Breathlessly she detailed her proposition.

"We—ell." Suddenly the voice was laughing. "It sounds so mad I'm going to try it. But you'd better be good! Because my guest considers himself the world's champion cook." She gave her name and address and hung up.

On Friday morning Constance presented herself to Miss Joy Haddon.

"I wore black," Constance explained, "because I thought perhaps you'd like me to wait at table, too."

"No!" said Miss Haddon decisively, looking at Constance's eyes with their long sooty lashes, at her magnolia-petal skin, her trim slenderness. "For heaven's sake keep out of sight! I shouldn't think you'd have to bother about cooking—with looks like yours—and clothes like that!"

"I can't eat my clothes," Constance said.

"Down on your luck?"

"Definitely."

"Hard lines," Miss Haddon sympathised. "I'm a professional model myself." She gave Constance money for the shopping. "And if my guest should catch a glimpse of you," she added, "try to look adenoidish or something. And remember I cooked the dinner. You're just the washer-upper. See?"

"Perfectly," said Constance.

Whereupon Miss Haddon, to use her own expression, dashed to work.

At six o'clock Joy Haddon came

home, took a deep gulp of the food-fragrant air and stared at the gate-legged table laid for two in front of a crackling fire.

"It's gorgeous," Joy declared. "But it still seems idiotic, working yourself to a wisp just to help another woman get a man!"

"Business," Constance reminded. "Besides," she added impulsively, "I like you."

"Well, you're a pretty decent sort yourself." Joy tossed her a thin scarlet grin. "But it's getting late. So if you've got a copy of the menu, p'raps while I'm in my bath I can memorise these wonderful things I cooked."

WITHIN the small one-room-and-kitchenette flatlet it was impossible for Constance to avoid hearing most of the conversation between Joy Haddon and her guest.

"Mike!" she heard Joy exclaim at the door. "Darling! It's been simply aeons since I've seen you."

"Well, a month anyway," replied a deep, amused voice. Then: "Joy! It's true! That incredible fragrance is coming from this flat."

"Oh, I've been taking cooking lessons since I saw you last," Joy explained airily.

"Mmm," marvelled Mike. "If my nose knows, as it usually does, you must be the star pupil."

"Well, you can soon tell. I'll get the salad at once."

Joy came back carrying two bowls. After they were seated she poured

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself for this trick," Constance said scathingly.

the small bowl of dressing over the crisp mixed greenstuff in the wooden bowl, tossed them lightly with a wooden fork and spoon. She filled two plates and passed one to Mike. "To be eaten with cheese straws," she directed.

For three minutes there was silence, and Constance, standing in the kitchen, thought, "Heavens! Doesn't he like the salad?"

But then she heard a deep, contented masculine sigh and Mike said, "Absolutely the best salad I have ever eaten. What is it?"

"Green Goddess salad," said Joy slyly.

"Let's see," murmured Mike's voice, "there must be crab in it. Just a touch. Look, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll swap my Friar Tuck Salad Bowl recipe, that I've never given to anybody, for this Green Goddess salad."

"Not on your life," said Joy firmly. "I never swap recipes." She got up quickly. "Can you amuse yourself while I get the next course?"

"Let me help," offered Mike, leaping to his feet.

"No, you stay where you are!" Joy was beginning to sound panicky. "There's a girl in the kitchen to do the washing up; there wouldn't be room for the three of us."

Joy got the hot plates and some freshly-made rolls from Constance. "Butter one of these while they're hot," she told Mike, and went out again. Then she came in with the other dishes and sat down.

Constance simply had to peep through the crack in the swinging door to see how Mike liked the main dish. She also wanted to see what Mike was like. What any man was like who could cause a girl like Joy Haddon to go into all this pretence.

The glimpse she got of Mike made her understand better. He was not handsome in the approved film-star manner, but he had an utterly engaging grin.

Constance watched shamelessly

through the crack while Joy cut into the white, steaming fish ring with green peas filling the centre.

"Try this shrimp sauce on it," she advised.

Mike ate in serious silence for a moment. Then he looked up, his voice excited.

"Joy—what is this king's dish?"

"Fish Montaigne. Just a little thing I invented."

"Invented? Why, this is the kind of dish reputations are built on!"

"Darling," said Joy, drunk with power, "this is nothing. I'm always making up dishes."

"And all this time," Mike marvelled, "I thought you were a woman who scorned domestic things!"

"Heavens no! I'd rather mess about in a kitchen than anything I know of. Have some more of the Lennox potatoes?"

Mike let her fill his plate again. He took up a succulent bit of fish on his fork.

"Why did you name it Fish Montaigne? I didn't know you read those old fellows."

Constance could see through the crack that Joy was looking absolutely panic-stricken.

"Goodness!" said Joy. "I've forgotten why. I make up so many recipes. Perhaps I shall think of it before the evening's over, though."

"Remember my lentil soup with garlic flavoring?" Mike asked.

"How could I forget it!"

"Well, I'll swap the recipe," Mike offered, "for your Fish Montaigne."

"I never give away my recipes," Joy repeated firmly.

"Neither do I," admitted Mike, "but a swap's different."

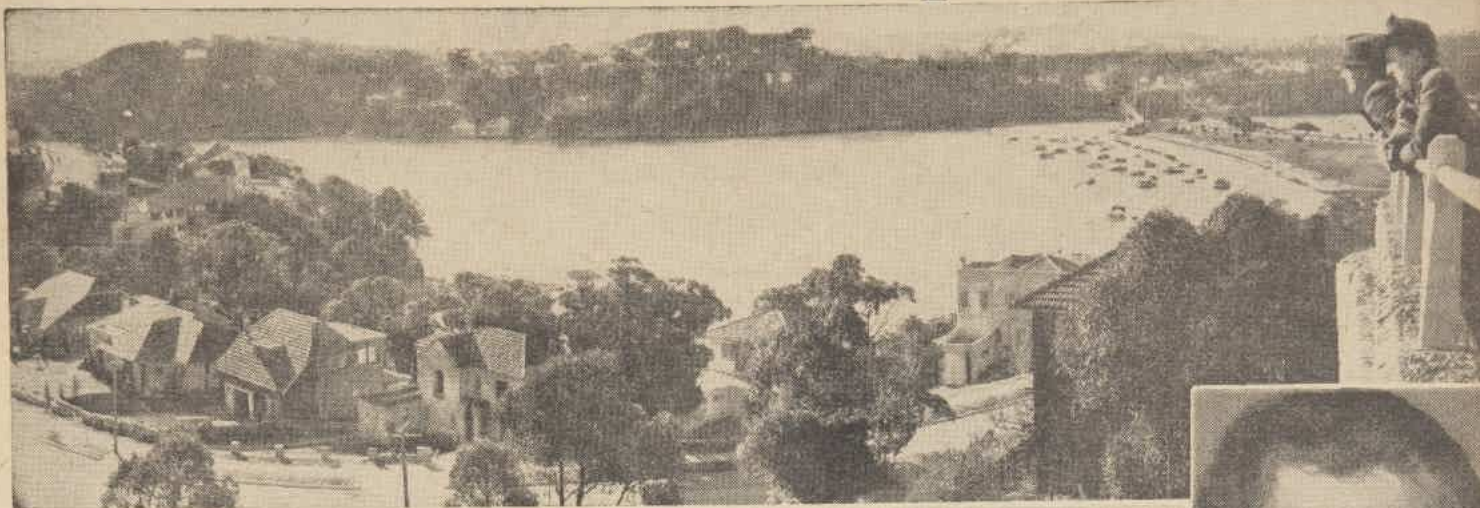
"I'll have to think it over," Joy hedged, getting up to take out the dishes.

Joy went out and whispered to Constance:

"For the love of Mike, and I do mean Mike, why did I call that dish 'Fish Montaigne'?"

Please turn to page 36

Dream Home on a hilltop for a shilling



THE GLORIOUS view of Middle Harbor that will be seen from the windows of the beautiful house which will be first prize in the Red Cross Art Union.

Lovely house to be won by lucky ticket-holder in Red Cross Art Union Gift of Australian Women's Weekly

A dream home with a glorious view, a beautifully designed garden, attractive furnishings, and everything a family could desire in comfort and household efficiency.

This is the prize which will be given to the winner of the Red Cross Dream Home Art Union for the price of a shilling.

The Dream Home, including the land, house, planted garden, furnishings, cutlery, linen, full kitchen equipment, and even the rates and taxes, will be worth between £4000 and £5000.

It will be built and equipped by The Australian Women's Weekly, and when completed will be presented to the Red Cross.

It will be so thoroughly equipped that there will even be provisions in the refrigerator for the owners' first meal in their new home.

The actual value of the Dream Home will not be known until the house is finished and all the furniture, hangings, carpets, linen and blankets, cutlery, china and glass, kitchen equipment and plants for the garden have been chosen.

But its value when completed will be between £4000 and £5000.

Furnishings and equipment throughout the house will be chosen for durability, as well as for attractive appearance, so that the Dream Home will be a really practical family home.

The furnishing of the Dream Home will be designed and chosen by Mrs. Alice Jackson, editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, Janet Kay, who is in charge of the Home Decorator section of The Australian Women's Weekly, Mrs. Keith Martin and Mrs. Frank Packer representing the Red Cross Executive.

Scientific home planning is becoming an increasingly important factor in national life in all countries.

In America world-famous journals such as the "Ladies' Home Journal" employ scientific home planners. "Life" has devoted many millions of dollars to intensive research.

Their findings have been made available to the committee planning the Dream Home, and all the best features of modern home design will be incorporated in it.

When the house has been

furnished it will be open to the public for inspection.

The garden will be designed by the Home Gardener, Mr. Reg Edwards, whose advice appears regularly in The Australian Women's Weekly.

The site of the Dream Home is at Beauty Point, Sydney, overlooking the Spit Bridge, with a glorious view of Middle Harbor.

One frontage is on the bus route on Spit Road, the other on Ida Street, a new street which winds among the many charming homes that overlook the water on Beauty Point.

Flooded with sunshine

MR. T. M. SCOTT, of Scott, Green, and Scott, who is designing the house as honorary architect, has planned to flood the rooms with sunshine and provide a view from every window.

Refrigeration and hot water and a garage will be provided.

Messrs. Kell and Rigby, the well-known builders, have given their services on a non-profit basis.

Mr. L. J. Hooker, in consultation with a number of other estate agents, chose the site for the Dream Home as the best of hundreds of sites that were available.

The final plans for the Dream Home will be submitted to a special committee for approval. The committee will consist of Dame Enid Lyons, Lady Gordon, Mrs. Eleanor Glencairn (president of the Housewives' Association), Mrs. Alice Jackson, Janet Kay, and Mrs. P. Packer.

After the house is completed the plans and specifications, details of tenders, bulkiers' quantities and costs, and notes on furnishing color schemes, materials and costs, will be made available to any of our readers who wish to build The Aus-

tralian Women's Weekly house for themselves.

When the house is completed a fund equipped it will be given to the Red Cross Special Appeals Auxiliary by The Australian Women's Weekly for an art union.

The Australian Women's Weekly decided to give the Dream Home to the Red Cross Special Appeals Auxiliary because this committee of sixty voluntary women workers made such a tremendous success of raising money for the Red Cross last year.

The Special Appeals Committee raised £14,000 last year in an art union, the first prize in which was £1500 worth of gold melted down from trinkets and other gifts given by a generous public.

Their associate committee, the Red Cross Race Meeting Committee, raised £12,000 at a race meeting held at Randwick, the total cheque of £26,000 being the largest single donation handed to the Red Cross in 1940.

This year, with a first prize valued at approximately £5000 and other subsidiary prizes, it is hoped to raise more than £30,000 from the Dream Home Art Union, and £17,000 from the Red Cross Race Meeting, making a total of nearly £50,000.

In making this donation The Australian Women's Weekly is fulfilling two things.

It is helping the Red Cross with a gift worth between £4000 and £5000, which will mean an eventual sum of more than £30,000, and is also providing a beautiful home for a lucky family, and making the plans available for all other home builders.

Tickets in The Australian Women's Weekly Dream Home Art Union are only 1/- each, and will be available from January 1 at the Art Union Office, Prudential Buildings, Martin Place, Sydney.

The art union will be conducted on the basis of one free ticket to every seller who disposes of five tickets.

There will be many additional prizes, a list of which will be announced later.



MR. T. M. SCOTT, honorary architect, who is designing the Dream Home, studying a plan of the land on which it will be built. The design of the house will be submitted to a committee of representative women.



DAME ENID LYONS, member of the Dream Home Plans Committee.



LADY GORDON, another member of the Plans Committee.

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How Sydney nurse won Royal Red Cross



BOYS LIKE THIS doughty Jack Tar are being nursed by Sister Lilian Smairl. She pays a tribute to their pluck.

Despite injury she stayed on deck with wounded sea heroes

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in England

A tall, slim girl in the uniform of Queen Alexandra's Royal Naval Nursing Reserve bent over a patient in the dimly-lit ward. I watched her as she smoothed his pillow, and as the pain-racked sailor sank to sleep she limped towards me.

It was the girl I had come to see, right enough, for pinned on her shoulder-length blue cape was the red, blue, red ribbon of the Royal Red Cross.

Sister Lilian Gladys Smairl, of Sydney, trainee of Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney, now, after two years in a casualty clearing station of the Nore Command, is the recipient of one of the highest honors given to the nursing sisters.

FOR outstanding zeal, patience, and cheerfulness, and for courage and wholehearted devotion to duty while serving in His Majesty's Naval Hospitals—that is the official summing up of why Lilian Smairl (who cancelled her passage to America to join the Naval Nursing Reserve shortly after the outbreak of war) is one of the few to be wearing a Royal Red Cross.

"It's nothing," Sister Smairl brushed my question aside. "I don't know yet why I should have been singled out."

She threw back her cape as if to hide the tell-tale ribbon, murmuring softly, "It's embarrassing, most embarrassing. If I have been awarded this, why not all the other sisters, too?"

But her limp and the fact that she is just back on duty after six months in hospital herself are proof that she had shown "outstanding zeal, patience, and cheerfulness."

Nurses naval men

SISTER SMAIRL is in charge of a surgical ward.

Since the navy first went out to keep our sea routes open, and in naval actions that will make history in this second world war, she's received its wounded heroes. Heroes of Narvik, Dunkirk, minesweepers, convoys of every battle up to the present battle of the Atlantic.

"I was never so surprised in my life as when I learnt from another patient in the hospital where I was recovering from leg injuries that I had been given the Royal Red Cross," Sister Smairl said.

"I'd been six months in hospital and was just itching to get back here on duty when a patient called across the ward, 'Hey, Sister, you've been given a decoration.'"

"It is not I, I thought, but saw my name in the paper passed over to me."

"Then telegrams poured in. I was never so embarrassed."

Sister Smairl modestly explained her injuries which easily accounted for the words, "Courage and wholehearted devotion to duty."

"I was returning to my billet which was close to anti-aircraft guns. The airmen had just gone, and I knew the staff needed as much help as possible."

"We'd been having raids incessantly. Most of us hadn't slept for nearly three weeks, just loosening our clothes and dropping down on blankets in the long corridors along the wards."

"I was rushing down the steps to change my uniform when I foolishly slipped and twisted my ankle, straining a ligament."

"I didn't want to complain of anything so trivial when there were patients to be evacuated who were not making the slightest murmur about really bad wounds, so I dodged the shrapnel which was pouring down on the billet, and, reaching the hospital ward, went on as usual with the raid work of taking patients down below, and keeping them calm."

From the hospital Lilian Smairl went back to her own naval establish-



SISTER LILIAN SMAIRL, Australian nurse who has been awarded the Royal Red Cross.

ment without convalescence, for she's hoping to be drafted to a hospital ship and her appointment may arrive any day.

This will be the first time she's nursed at sea proper, though she's been many times in all weathers under intensive aerial bombardment on "carriers," which bring in wounded naval men toward port.

"Our sailors are just marvellous. I can't tell you how I admire their courage," she said.

"Sometimes an Australian is brought in and I can't help spoiling him, slipping him a box of cigarettes or something out of parcels friends are kind enough to send me, for I know myself what it is like to be away from home and ill in hospital."

"The Navy boys behave wonderfully during air-raids," Sister Smairl said. "Of course, there are some who are too bad to be moved down to the shelters and then I or some

other sister stays on deck to look after them."

"During the Battle of Britain, it was nothing just to get patients settled down when the all-clear would go."

"We'd bring them up only for the alert to sound, and we'd have to take them down again."

"When I am in the operating theatre, of course, we carry on just the same as if there were no raid."

"The V.A.D. girls were wonderful, and without their help I do not know how we'd have carried on."

This casualty clearing station of the Nore Command is run strictly on naval lines. It is difficult to tell you are not at sea, except the floors don't rock, for everything is referred to in naval terms.

The wards are called cabins, even though they may be big enough for thirty or more beds, and each floor is known as a deck.



A Small folder that suggests a defence programme for yourself

SENDING for a copy of this folder will cost you only a twopenny stamp, yet the reading of it should enable you greatly to strengthen your financial position and make your future secure.

Life assurance is buying money on time-payment for future delivery, with the advantage that should you die earlier than you now expect, the money will be paid over to your heirs in full.

The extraordinary benefits of the A.M.P. plan for "buying money" are set out in this folder. Use this coupon to secure a free copy of it.

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Missing butcher-boy turns up at Tobruk

Edwin Days' fighting blood made him run away to war



BATTLE-STAINED DIGGERS at Tobruk. Among the heroic garrison is Edwin Days, 17-year-old from Melbourne, who ran away to enlist.

By ALISON PARISH

A whistling butcher-boy from Melbourne is now one of the heroes of Tobruk. He is Teddy Days, just seventeen, and probably the youngest man in the outpost.

Teddy has been in the A.I.F. more than a year, and his pals in the hottest spot in the Middle East know him as Private Bob Summers, and vote him a great chap.

A TALL, fair lad, Teddy is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Days, of Yarraville.

He was a butcher-boy well known in the district for his cheery whistle when he disappeared from home on Easter Saturday, 1940, a few weeks before his sixteenth birthday.

For more than a year his parents sought him in vain. They searched all the camps in Victoria thinking he might have enlisted, but without success, for Teddy had enlisted in New South Wales under an assumed name.

The story of how they finally located him, almost by accident, through the Comforts Fund of his unit, reads like a romance.

His ex-Digger father, another Edwin Days, and his pretty blue-eyed young mother and two young sisters, Lorna and Leah, can hardly believe it is true even yet.

Seated in her dining-room Mrs. Days told the story, and something of the anxiety she has experienced in the last sixteen months showed in her eyes.

"Teddy was like a big, good-natured colt round the house," she said. "He always wanted to join the navy, but his father thought him too young."

"I suppose it was natural enough, for he had fighting blood in his veins."

"My own father, Edward Smythe, was killed at Pozieres; two of my brothers fought in the last war, and one is off to this. Teddy's father served in the 8th Light Horse last war in Palestine, Egypt, and Syria."



EDWIN DAYS, of Melbourne, remembered as a light-hearted whistling boy, now a seasoned soldier in Tobruk.



LORNA and LEAH DAYS, sisters of Edwin. Lorna opened the letter which led to the finding of her brother.

"Teddy seemed happy enough. He was in his first job on the butcher's round, and everybody liked him."

"He was a great sport, good at football and cricket. Everything he did he did with his whole heart."

"Then on Easter Saturday, 1940, he just didn't come home from work, and that was the last we heard of him till three weeks ago."

"We searched high and low, put the matter in the hands of the police, broadcast messages, put advertisements in the paper, but when we came to look we didn't have a single photo of him to publish."

"It wasn't till a whole year later that we found a photo. A friend happened to be cleaning out the pockets of her son's suit before sending it to the cleaners."

"She was just about to burn a much-torn ticket for a photo snapped in the street when the boy said, 'Don't burn that, Mum, it's a photo of Teddy Days and me.'"

"She gave me the ticket, and, though it was torn and old, we were able to procure the picture. We had it published in the paper at once."

"Lots of people came forward with information, but nobody really knew anything."

"Then three weeks ago a letter came addressed to Miss L. Summers at this address. We thought it was a mistake, put it on the mantelpiece to return to the post office, but forgot."

Thrilling new war serial

REMEMBER the thrills, tension, and drama of "Enemy Sighted," published as a serial in The Australian Women's Weekly early in the year?

Well, "Rendezvous," an exciting story of sea warfare by the same author, Alec Hudson, has them all—and more.

"Rendezvous" will be commenced as a serial in our next issue. It will be run in three long absorbing instalments.

You'll enjoy this thrilling story of a submarine commander who undertakes a daring and novel assignment!



TOBRUK FROM THE AIR. Australians stormed and took this port and have garrisoned it for months.



MR. E. J. DAYS, of Melbourne, father of the adventurous Edwin. He was a Digger of the last war.



MRS. DAYS, who was overjoyed to hear news of her son after a year of wondering where he was.

"Then one day my daughter Lorna said, 'Mum, I am going to open that letter. It might have something to do with Teddy.'"

"It was just a circular from a unit Comforts Fund in Sydney to the next-of-kin of unit members, telling the date of a meeting."

"Immediately we guessed Teddy had enlisted in Sydney."

"We wrote to the secretary of the fund, but got impatient before a reply came, so sent a Sydney friend to inquire personally."

"The Comforts Fund secretary arranged for her to see military records, and she recognised Robert Summers as Teddy. Immediately my husband went to Sydney."

Enlisted in Sydney

THE attestation papers of Robert Summers showed he had enlisted on May 2, 1940, in Sydney. He gave his age as 22 years.

"He is 5ft. 10ins., but he certainly didn't look that old. He gave no name of next of kin, and no clue to his identity beyond stating he was born at Carnegie, Victoria."

"His father had himself recorded as the boy's next of kin, sent us a wire, then went back to the Unit Comforts Fund to give them a thankoffering donation."

"The hon. secretary, Mrs. Handley, promised to write and ask her son to look Teddy up."

"She said he must have given the name of Miss L. Summers to the C.O. when he collected the names of next of kin for the Comforts Fund."

"They very nearly did not send the notice of the meeting to the Victorian address, thinking it would not be possible for Miss Summers to attend."

"We have already posted a dozen letters to our boy, as well as parcels, and are now just living for a reply."

"I cannot help thinking how terrible it must have been for him. He called last October and he probably has not had one letter."

"A friend of ours, Clarrie Hall, is in Tobruk. We sent him a paper with Teddy's photo in it, and he stuck the cutting up on a post."

"Now we have had a letter from another soldier. It is already rather

worn for everybody in the district has read it, and it has cheered us greatly."

The letter reads: "Your son Edwin is in my unit. It was a strange coincidence that I happened to see his photo in a paper I picked up in the hospital. He has enlisted under the name of Robert Summers."

"He is a son whom you can be really proud of. He is doing a man's job of work here, and I am proud to call him my friend."

"I am at present in Tobruk Hospital, but hope to be out soon, and will give him a real good talking to. He is safe as a house and healthy and well—Private N. Booth, A.I.F."

Teddy Days, or Robert Summers, had his 17th birthday in Tobruk on April 14 last.

"I expect he will be a man now, not a boy," says his mother. "But Mr. Booth seems the right kind of man. I am glad Teddy has him for a friend."



Teething well over

Children come snally and happily through teething when their blood-stream is kept cool and their habits regular by Steedman's Powders, the safe, gentle aperient. For over 100 years mothers have given Steedman's to children up to 14 years.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request. Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS FOR CONSTIPATION

John Steedman & Co., Walsworth Rd., London, Eng.

LADIES PREFER...
"Sparra"
BRITISH DRESS FABRICS

On Special Duty

Continued from page 3

"If you'll wait a moment I'll come back and have a go at it myself," said Miss Bull. "I happen to be a qualified mechanic, though I may not look like it."

She lumbered to her feet. She was all right again.

"I wouldn't dream of putting you to all that inconvenience," said the officer, hurriedly. "My lad will overtake us if he gets the thing to go. Otherwise you can drop me in Winchfield."

Sylvia grinned. She sensed the distrust in the officer's voice. You couldn't blame him. Looking at Miss Bull you wouldn't think she was any good with machinery.

"My name is Eden. I am travelling on inspection duty," said the officer, conventionally and a trifle stiffly. "I fear I shall crowd you rather. Perhaps if I went inside—"

"I couldn't dream of allowing it," said Miss Bull. "You had better get up in front with Volunteer Denison. Corporal Bull will travel inside in luxury, like a blooming corpse."

Sylvia eyed her anxiously. "Sure you're all right?"

"I haven't felt better since Pan-cake Day."

"Shan't we get into trouble if the commandant hears of this? You know how strict she is."

"Where the apple reddens never pry. Let us lose our Eden," said Miss Bull. "Why should she hear of it? I always believe in sparing my superior officers everything that might cause them annoyance."

She yawned. "Hoigh ho, I believe I shall sleep."

The officer was already seated in the cab beside the driver's seat.

"Got plenty of oil and petrol?" he

asked pleasantly. It was a question men often asked when setting out with women drivers.

"Lots," said Sylvia, coldly.

"Your friend not feeling well?"

"She's been working very hard. She needs a rest, that's all."

They were back on the main road. A barrier had been thrown across it, and it was manned by the police. Sylvia leaned out, smiling at them, and showed her pass. They waved her on, with a respectful look at the red tabs beside her.

"Your organisation seems to be quite well known."

"We drive down here every week."

"Well, it was a bit of luck for me."

They came to the brow of a hill, and saw, far below them, the barracks town of Winchfield. Sylvia turned off the engine, preparing to coast down the hill with an eye on petrol economy.

"Don't do that," said the stranger pleasantly. "We turn off to the right here, and there is quite a sharp hill."

"Winchfield is down there," said Sylvia patiently. No one could teach her anything about this road. She used it every week.

His voice changed suddenly and ominously. Something stuck into Sylvia's ribs.

"Turn right," he commanded.

The engine started again with a splutter. Sylvia turned right. Now they were going across country, heading for the downs and the sea. Sylvia's knees felt unreliable, her mouth went dry.

"Thank you," said the voice beside her quietly. "And now I sup-

pose we had better understand each other." He did not put his revolver away. It nudged Sylvia's ribs with unpleasant familiarity. "The position is that I have to get to the sea for reasons of my own, and urgently. Since they have removed all signposts, it's not entirely easy to find one's way about, you know."

He grinned. Sylvia's mind, numbed for a moment, began to work again. She remembered the aeroplane, high in the sky. This man had come along not very long after they'd seen it. She said, softly:

"So you're one of them, are you? I didn't really believe in them."

HE smiled pleasantly. "Not? Well, when I saw you it seemed too good to be true. You came to me like an answer to prayer. Heaven alone knows how I would have found my way where I want to get to without you."

For a moment Sylvia meditated running the Tiger over the edge of the road, down the steep side of the ditch and capsize him. But this meant that Miss Bull, asleep inside, might be hurt. There must be something she could do. If only she could think what. If only there were some way of rousing Miss Bull. It would be hours before they were missed. She hadn't to be at the hospital for her convalescents until six o'clock, and even then they would not start making inquiries at once. They would just think the Tiger had been baulkier than usual.

"We have to go through a town," said the stranger, suavely. "If you

What's the Answer?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

1—Thursday this week, August 21, is Princess Margaret Rose's eleventh birthday. This important little personage is the Third Lady in the Land—Fourth—Fifth—Sixth.

2—You would use a spectroscope to Analyse rays of light—examine objects under water—measure the amount of light radiated by a distant body—determine the distance of heavenly bodies from the earth.

3—At the beginning of this month Army Minister Mr. Spender announced the number of men enlisted in the A.I.F. The total was rather more than 78,000 — 96,000 — 160,000 — 128,000 — 116,000.

4—What would boiled mutton be without caper sauce? Capers come from a Mediterranean plant, being its

Seeds — berries — leaves — flower buds.

5—They called him the "Little Corporal," but maybe he's more familiar to you as

Robert Clive—Abraham Lincoln

—Napoleon Bonaparte — Lord Roberts.

6—No Davis Cup tussles for us to follow these winters. And speaking of the Davis Cup, it was first won for Australasia by

Brookes, Patterson and Wilding — Brookes and Patterson — Brookes and Wilding — Patterson, Anderson and Wilding.

7—Wild guesses will be counted in this one. A Khaki Campbell is a Duck—machine-gun — Highland kilt—sort of rubber boot — rock fish.

8—Kiev, object of desperate German attack, is the capital of Lithuania — White Russia—the Ukraine—Bessarabia.

9—"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." At least, that's according to the poet

Wordsworth — Shelley — Keats — Tennyson — Longfellow.

10—Now to come to a rather scientific end—manganese is

A metal—a non-metallic element — an alloy of copper and tin—a gaseous element—a mineral.

Answers on page 12

BREAK IT DOWN!

NO BREAKFAST FOOD CAN RELIEVE CONSTIPATION!

Harsh purges appear to relieve constipation; actually they aggravate your condition.

HERE'S WHY. This diagram shows how food is digested and absorbed into the system. The food not absorbed passes into the large intestine to be expelled by muscular action. If this residue is not bulky enough, the muscles can't get hold of it. You get constipated.



STOMACH—where food is prepared for further digestion.
SMALL INTESTINE—where nutritive elements are absorbed into the bloodstream through the bowel wall.
LARGE INTESTINE—into which the residue of unabsorbed food passes.

Now, the action of harsh purges has nothing in common with the natural action of "bulk". In fact, harsh purges come as a shock to delicate internal muscles, hammering them into action. This brings temporary relief. If purging continues internal muscles are seriously weakened. Usually grave results are experienced by middle age—the penalty for the constant use of harsh cathartics.



HERE'S WHY Kellogg's All-Bran safely ends Constipation.

Kellogg's All-Bran gives the bowels the natural "bulk" they need, and so brings about a normal, natural movement. It works in the same way as the uncooked vegetables and fruit with which Nature intended to keep us naturally regular and which very few of us ever eat. However, the "bulk" in Kellogg's All-Bran acts more surely, more thoroughly. If your system already is in a bad way, it will massage those delicate internal muscles back to normal regularity.



Start your breakfast with Kellogg's All-Bran and you will have yourself safely regular in a week.

Kellogg's All-Bran is a crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal. It's all ready to serve just with milk and sugar. (Let the milk soak right in.) Tastes especially good sprinkled over any other breakfast cereal or stewed fruit.



ONE WEEK LATER

I TAKE BACK ALL I SAID. KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN HAS BROUGHT RELIEF IN A WAY I NEVER THOUGHT POSSIBLE

ORDER A PACKET OF KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN FROM YOUR GROCER TO-DAY.

attempt to communicate with anyone there, or attract any attention to us, I shall shoot. You must understand that my position is quite desperate, so that it is now as much in your interest as in mine to see that I am not taken."

"A spy," said Sylvia. "I suppose that's what you are."

"Such an unpleasant word. I always avoid it. Say rather a gentleman with a secret mission."

There must be something I can do, thought Sylvia, wildly searching for it. If only they had stuck to the rule about not giving lifts this would never have happened. Where on earth had he got his staff uniform? If only Miss Bull would awake and smell a rat, they might do something.

They came to the top of the downs. The quiet English countryside was spread about them like a sunlit counterpane.

"Nice place," said the man. "I am always sorry I have not had the time to get to know it better and enjoy it more thoroughly. Left here."

She turned obediently left. However she was to spoil his plan it would not be by opposing him, up here in this lonely stretch of downs.

"You seem to know the roads pretty well."

"I had the route planned for me. It would have presented no difficulties if they had not removed the signposts."

He won't just get out and leave us to give information, thought Sylvia. It isn't likely he will. He'll probably finish us off somewhere up here. Or maybe he has someone waiting to take us over. She shivered, and the Tiger lurched, almost leaving the road.

"WHAT the deuce are you doing?" he demanded angrily. He caught at the wheel, righting it. Then he gave an exclamation and clapped his hand to his neck. "A wasp. I've been stung."

He mopped the back of his neck with his handkerchief. Sylvia could not feel sorry. She wished it had been a cobra. She wondered whether anything would happen if she tried hitting him on the head with a spanner. She had one all handy, but that gun still jolted in her ribs, and the chances were he'd realise what she was up to. Besides, she had never been renowned for accuracy of aim.

Suddenly she was aware of a general change in the atmosphere. Something was happening. The man sagged oddly against her, the gun fell from his hand and clattered to the floor of the cab. Sylvia brought the Tiger gingerly to a standstill. Miss Bull's voice said hoarsely through the small window at the back of the driver's seat:

"Is he off?"

"Off what?" asked Sylvia. The man was now draped half across her like a toga. "You'd better come. Something seems to have

happened to him. He's breathing rather funny, isn't he?"

Between them they hauled the man down like a flag at sunset. There was a lot of him. He seemed to come out in sections like the Loch Ness monster. They laid him on the grass. All about them the quiet fields were bathed in sunshine, and the silence was broken only by the distant clump of gunfire, that was still so difficult to really believe in.

Miss Bull went competently through his pockets.

"Look at this—and this—marked map—list of instructions on landing. I don't know why, dear, but I had my suspicions from the first. He seemed a bit too glib with his story, and then the way he hedged off my looking at his car. Woman's intuition told me there was something fishy, so I opened the window a crack and listened. And when I saw how things were going, I filled up the morphine syringe and gave him a shot. Wasp, my foot," said Miss Bull. "The man with a secret mission met a woman with a secret weapon."

Please turn to page 12

SKIN Eruptions



IODEX is invaluable in the treatment of disfiguring skin ailments. Pimples and skin blotches yield quickly to the antiseptic, penetrating power of its Iodine content. Iodex does not stain, irritate or blister the skin. In stubborn cases see your doctor!

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become less and less noticeable after the first few applications, then gradually wither and finally are completely destroyed.

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COSSACKS fight Hitler with daredevil courage



COSSACKS ride the steppes to-day. These men are Russia's most daring horsemen and marksmen. As guerrilla fighters they have no match, Nazi troops find to their cost.



TOUGH FIGHTERS. The daredevil Cossacks are with Marshal Budenny now in the all-important battle for the rich Ukraine.



MILITARY SPORTS. Cossacks get ready for a spectacular javelin-throwing race. In peace time collective farmers, riding and shooting are their sports.



LASTING CURLS FOR MODERN HAIR - DO'S

Let Eugene "B" sachets safeguard the lovely lustre of your crowning glory. No "frizz" with Eugene "B". They're especially produced for bleached hair but are equally suitable for coarse or naturally wavy textures. They give curls that are always soft and truly adaptable. Insist on the new Eugene "B" sachets.

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The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away pimples like magic. Use Nixoderm to-night and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause Pimples, Boils, Red Blotches, Eczema, Ringworm, and Blemishes. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day under the positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish pimples and clear your skin soft and smooth or money back on return of empty package.

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For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.



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This beautiful new Gibbs container is designed to harmonise with today's modern bathrooms. Refills cost you only 1/3. That means a saving of 3d. every time you need dentifrice. And you save in other ways too! The 1/6 size lasts the average person over 6 months—weeks longer than any other dentifrice. Yet Gibbs has everything you need to keep teeth in perfect condition, and your breath fresh and sweet.

REFILLS FOR THE NEW CONTAINERS 1/3

You save 3d every time!

G. 17.26

On Special Duty

Continued from page 10

THE man breathed astorously, and rather anxiously Miss Bull propped him up against her.

"You don't suppose he'll die?" said Sylvia, shocked in spite of herself.

"Oh, I hope not," said Miss Bull. "I've never killed anyone, and I never want to—but one must take risks in life."

"We might easily have refused to pick him up."

"Yes. It just shows, doesn't it, dear, I can't imagine what he intended doing with us. Certainly not leaving us to spread the tidings."

"What are we going to do with him, Miss Bull?"

"You take his head and I'll take his feet, and we'll leave him inside. We'll take him along to Nicky's. Nicky will know what to do with him."

Commander Nicky Adair, R.N., was expecting his aunt. He stood on the porch of a long, low, black-and-white house with jasmine on the porch, listening. Even above the clump of the distant guns he thought the Tiger must be coming. The Tiger had a unique engine note. Once heard never forgotten.

Commander Nicky Adair had one arm in a sling, and only one eye in use at the time of writing. There was also a large piece of sticking-plaster on his chin.

"Aunt Clem," he said reprovingly. "You're very late. You said three o'clock, and it's half-past four."

"Wait," said Miss Bull. "Wait till you see what I've got for you."

Nicky's inquiring gaze did just rest for a moment on Sylvia, but it obviously wasn't her, for Miss Bull was unlocking the ambulance.

Nicky stood stroking his chin with his one good hand, regarding the soles of a large pair of service boots.

"Good Lord!" he said, horrified. "It's a general. You don't mean to say you have mown down a general. I've been warning you for years."

"General, my foot. It came down

with a parachute. You look at its papers. There they are, inside the emergency case I was sitting on. He tried to make us drive him to the coast."

Nicky said, astounded:

"But what have you done to him?"

"I—I gave him a shot of morphine. Right in the back of the neck, but I really wasn't in a position to choose my spot. No, I've no idea how much I gave him."

Unexpectedly, miraculously, Miss Bull began to cry.

"You don't think he'll die, do you? I've—I've never killed anyone yet, Nicky, and I don't much want to begin."

"I don't think you need worry, darling." He made a cursory inspection. "Though you certainly seem to have put him well under. We'll ring up the police, who can take charge of him and hand him over to the military. It strikes me you've done a very stout bit of work."

Plump went the distant guns, punctuated by the song of a black-bird in the garden. Plump, plump, plump. Sylvia stood feeling all this was a dream from which she would wake any moment.

"He stuck a gun in Sylvia's side," sobbed Miss Bull.

Perhaps the most fantastic thing about the afternoon was the fact that Miss Bull could actually cry.

"There, I must have fused a bearing," said Miss Bull, taking a firm hold on herself. "I'll lie down and take a tablet. Give Sylvia some tea, Nicky. She has to be in Winchfield by six."

A seasoned-looking pirate disguised as a-butler came to say the military authorities would be along presently.

"Seems they spotted him coming down, sir, and had been on the look-out for him."

"Grand," said Nicky. "Now let me show you my garden while Onslaught gets-up some tea."

Sylvia admired the herbaceous border. Miss Bull lay down and fanned herself in an upper chamber. The stranger slept, smiling in his sleep. Perhaps he dreamed of nymphs, and beds of rose leaves. Perhaps of high explosive bombs. Morphine has divers effects. And presently there came four stout men with a military lorry, and they said "Blimey!" and bore him away.

"You'll probably hear more about this," said Nicky.

"I know we shall," said Sylvia, sadly. "It's against rules to give people lifts."

"In this case I don't think that will matter."

"Oh, yes it will," said Sylvia. She knew her Commandant.

THE round oak table shone like dark glass. There was blue china, and a large bowl of roses which filled the low room with their scent.

"How lovely it is," said Sylvia. Through the open window she could see the lilies lined up, not out yet. The sailor leaned back, crossing his long legs, watching her. Perhaps her hair looked more golden than it really was, against those panelled walls.

"You'll have to pour out. I'm disabled on the port side," said Nicky. "Onslaught usually does it for me. Grand chap, Onslaught. He and I have been through many a proper mess together. You wouldn't think he had only one eye, would you?"

The answer is—

- 1—Fourth Lady in the Land.
- 2—Analyse rays of light.
- 3—160,000.
- 4—Flower buds.
- 5—Napoleon Bonaparte.
- 6—Brookes and Wilding. (In 1907.)
- 7—Duck.
- 8—The Ukraine.
- 9—Keats.
- 10—A metal.

Questions on page 10

you? The spare we had put in is very convincing."

She poured out his tea, and cut his bread and butter into manageable quarters. She had felt shy at first. Shy and a little frightened of this tall man who had a bad taste in his mouth over women. And she thought, looking round the long, low room with its old-fashioned glazed chintz:

"Fancy having all this. And leaving it for money."

"Why don't you stay here, and go back back on Monday with Aunt Clem?" he said, suddenly.

Her heart gave a jump. She had been right when she thought that he didn't turn from her with loathing. Somehow one knows these things. She said softly: "I wish I could, but I've got to get to Winchfield to fetch some convalescents."

"Confound the job," the sailor said.

IT was just one of those days when suddenly everything goes right, and life is lovely. They are few and far between in the lives of most of us, but even in wartime they come.

Plump went the guns.

"I wonder who he was—our spy?" said Sylvia dreamily. It did not seem to matter any more.

"Some poor bloke following a forlorn star," said the sailor dispassionately.

Miss Bull was in bed. Sylvia had come up to say good-bye. Nicky had come with her.

"Such a pity you must go, dear. I'll be back on Monday. Not a word about this to the Commandant, mind. I do wish you could stay."

"Maybe she'll come back one day," said the sailor. "Now, I'll see Sylvia off, and then I'll come back to you, and if you feel well enough we'll play our customary game of draughts."

"Me?" said Bull, ungrammatically. "There's nothing wrong with me. I haven't felt better since Pancake Day—though I would very much like to know for certain I didn't kill him. In the neck can't be a very good place. It's so near the spine, isn't it?"

"Isn't she a darling," said the sailor, as they went downstairs together to the waiting Tiger that



THIS MODEL from Lucien Lelong is in red, white, and blue wool jersey. In the square-patterned jacket and skirt red and white are accentuated, while the bodice of the dress is navy striped in red and white.

loomed like a caravan at the front door.

Sylvia was not giving her whole attention to Aunt Clem just then. Did he usually call people by their Christian name like that? Did he usually hold their hand, taking them downstairs? No, said her heart. Hadn't Miss Bull said he was a woman-hater?

She drove through the leafy lanes to Winchfield, her heart singing. Plump went the distant guns, but she did not hear them. His words kept ringing in her ears.

Maybe she'll come back some day.

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of Health and take Beecham's Pills to keep free from everyday ills? Beecham's Pills are purely vegetable; gentle, natural, effective, reliable. Take them from today!

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THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LAXATIVE

A RATION OF FUN

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"A woman is judged by the company she keeps, isn't she?"

"No, by the company she's just left."



"That man talks in his sleep."

"How do you know?"

"He's my colleague at the office."



HUSBAND: What do you want with a new dress?

WIFE: A new hat, new shoes and a new bag, of course, darling.



JACKY: When does the tide come in?

SEASALT: Five-fifty-five I've told you a dozen times, me lad.

JACKY: I know, but I like to see your whiskers waggle when you say it.



CHEMISTRY PROFESSOR: What is the outstanding contribution chemistry has made to the world?

STUDENT: Blondes.



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Brainwaves

A prize of £50 is paid for each joke used.

THE maid, a keen wireless fan, answered the telephone. "Madame will speak to you in one minute," she said. "In the meantime here is a gramophone record."

"TWO years ago I sent my husband out to get a loaf of bread. I haven't seen him since. What do you think I ought to do?" "Don't wait any longer, Mrs. Smith. Go and get another loaf!"

"WHAT do you think of the new Sergeant-Major, Snowy?" "Oh, he's not too bad, but doesn't he swear terrible!" "Yes; he doesn't put any expression into it at all."

"WHY are you always playing golf?" "Oh, it keeps me so fit." "Yes, but fit for what?" "Oh, more golf."

"HOW'S your insomnia now? Any better?" "Worse than ever. I can't even sleep when it's time to get up in the morning."

"WHY does that crooner keep walking up and down while he's singing?" "It's harder to hit a moving target."



MAKES YOU STRONG AGAIN

Ovaltine is made of fresh full-cream milk, now laid eggs and rich barley malt. You need the carbohydrates, proteins, and fats it contains. Growing children, invalids, and convalescents especially need them. Ovaltine contains: maltose—quick supplier of energy. Phosphorus—to build bone and nerves. Calcium—to build bone and muscular tone and thicken thin blood. Iron, potassium, magnesium, sodium, and phosphorus—mineral salts without which no one can be healthy. Vitamins—to promote growth, sound teeth, good digestion, and protect against rickets, influenza and colds.

If your digestion is enfeebled by illness, Ovaltine is very good for you.

At such a time your digestion is weak but your need of nourishment is great.

You need a food to give you vitality, and set up your vigour. But it must be a gentle food which you can digest very easily. Delicious Ovaltine, made of full-cream fresh milk, malt, and new laid eggs, gives you every food you need for stiffening your nerves, feeding your brain, giving you strength and putting back the energy you have lost. And yet Ovaltine can be absorbed by the weakest digestion and make you well again.

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C18-41

An Editorial

AUGUST 23, 1941

BETTER PAY FOR THE A.I.F.



MOVED by the Army Minister (Mr. Spender) to obtain an increase in pay for members of the A.I.F. have the wholehearted

approval of Australia.

The man who enlists in the armed forces of his country makes a tremendous sacrifice.

The position he has carved for himself by years of hard work must be thrown aside, with chances of promotion lost.

He risks life, health—everything.

If he comes back whole and well he must then face a new struggle to win back his place in the industrial world.

If he is married, his wife and children share in all these risks. Financially they immediately face the exchange of a comfortable wage for a soldier's pay.

This means making many sacrifices of comforts to which they have been accustomed. Household budgets and the whole way of the family life have to be put on a strict war footing.

Many men who count the cost to themselves as little are deeply concerned by this.

The knowledge that dear ones left behind may go short is always in their minds, and of this worry at least they should be relieved.

Extra pay would ensure that doctors' and chemists' bills might not become nightmares, that there would be sufficient milk and fruit for the family needs.

It would be disaster indeed and black disgrace to this country if her soldiers' children were to grow up less sturdy men than their fathers because their diet had been inadequately provided for in soldiers' pay.

The taxpayer is already carrying a heavy burden, but an extra loading specifically designed to increase A.I.F. pay is a burden he would be proud to carry.

—THE EDITOR.

Letters from our Boys

THOSE little bits which you read to friends from letters from husbands, sons or sweethearts in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies of the sections of letters which they think may interest others. £1 is paid for each extract published on this page.

A radio officer in the Merchant Marine Service to a friend at St. Kilda, Melbourne:

"I HAVE been in two ships that were lost. In one case I was six days in a lifeboat after being 24 hours on a raft but am now none the worse for it.

"The ship went down at one a.m. in less than three minutes and by the time I had sent out a distress call she was rapidly sinking by the stern.

"Only one boat got away safely and that was before I got on deck. The captain, two engineers and myself slipped a raft overboard and jumped into the water.

"The two engineers were swept away by the seas, and I didn't see them again.

"The captain and I hung on for 20 hours, when our lifeboat sighted us and picked us up. Twenty-four of the crew were in the lifeboat, and they did their best to dry us.

"Actually none of us was dry for the six days we were in the boat as the weather in the north Atlantic was vile. Heavy seas, rain, sleet, fog, snow.

"Only eight of us lived through it. The other fellows 'went west' from exposure.

"We were eventually picked up by a destroyer. Didn't know I was tough, did you?

"I was home for 16 days when I was appointed to another ship. Five days out from home she also stopped a tinfish. In this case we had 48 minutes to wait before the ship sank.

"We were only 36 hours in the boats that time, and all the crew were saved."

A member of the R.A.N. to his wife at Kangaroo Point, Brisbane:

"SAM and I had ten days' leave and went to Glasgow, and from there to Belfast.

"While waiting for the boat we met a chief steward whom we had picked up out in the Atlantic, where he and a few others had been wandering round in a dinghy after the Huns had sunk their wagon.

"We had looked after the chief steward, and he had lived in our mess for some time until we reached a port.

"He appears to think he owes us eternal gratitude, so he and his second officer entertained us on the crossing.

"I suppose you heard about the air raids in Ulster?

"The Huns made a pretty ghastly mess in Belfast. The place where I was staying got it pretty lightly—just busted doors and locks.

"I saw poor little kids carrying their blankets and streaming out to sleep in the fields.

"I decided to go to Dublin, but as Sam had no civilian clothes he could not come, as Eire is a neutral country.

"Had a good view of the Mountains of Mourne on the way down. Was held up on the Ulster side while our credentials were examined, and again for half an hour on the Eire side while the Customs dug into our luggage.

"There is no white bread in southern Ireland, and the tea ration is half an ounce a week, so I substituted brown bread for white and stout for tea, and had the finest meal I had eaten for eighteen months."

Winnie the War Winner



"It's for Hitler's mosquito fleet."

Sergeant J. C. MacGregor in the Middle East to his wife at Townsville, Qld.:

"HAD an interesting tale from Alf Potter. He is a north-Queensland footballer, and was a signaller near Benghazi when he was taken prisoner by the Germans.

"He was passed to an Italian prisoners' compound, and after a torrid time made up his mind to escape.

"There was a straight-faced mountain on one side of the compound, and a high, barbed-wire fence on each side, with machine-guns posted at the only exit.

"One night Alf and a Tommy crawled past the machine-gun outpost and after a few hours found they were on a cliff of a wadi hundreds of feet deep, and only six miles from their prison.

"It was dawn by then so they lay in hiding. As they had to cover at least 175 miles before rejoining their unit they could not afford even to moisten their lips from their water bottle, and, of course, they had no food.

"That was the beginning of six weeks' walking and hiding. Sometimes as they lay in the cover of the short saltbush German convoys passed only a few feet away.

"The Arabs were helpful. They gave the lads food and water, and often scouted for them during the day.

"One morning at dawn they came to a beach and saw two Jerry sentries posted on a high point.

"They walked on. By sheer effrontery they passed an established German camp, though the tension was so great that they could feel the sweat running down into their boots.

"They finally reached safety, and have now rejoined their units. They assert that they owe their lives to the Arabs who sheltered them."

An N.C.O. in Libya to his sister at Windsor, Brisbane:

"TRITZ endeavored to strut his stuff the other day and ended up leaving half his tanks shot up round the flat.

"Keith, Don, and I had to procure the guns, wireless, etc., from one of these tanks near our outer defences.

"The tank was too big for us to bring in as a unit so we decided to strip it.

"Keith began to remove the gun, an automatic control job. I started on the wireless and periscope, and Don was outside taking the stuff as we passed it out of the turret.

"The gun was a new type to us. We tried to open the breech to see if it were loaded, but could not. The magazine was off, so we decided it must be safe.

"When I finished my section I began to help Keith. He had removed all controls and fastening studs.

"As the gun was so heavy I got out of the tank and endeavored to ease the weight, while straddling the muzzle of the gun, while Keith had the breech on his shoulder.

"Suddenly the gun fired. I cleared the tank in one bound. My pants were completely blown off by the explosion. All I had on were a few rags on my hips.

"Keith was lucky, too, as he had his head right against the breech block.

"Talk about laugh! I don't think we've had such a good laugh for months!"

A lieutenant in the Middle East to his sister at Temora, N.S.W.

"WHILE on leave in Cairo I was talking to the driver who had been with Lieutenant General Sir Thomas Blamey in Greece.

"He told me that the General showed an incredible calm in the face of attacks from the air.

"He used to stand in the open and direct others where to go before taking cover himself.

"During dive-bombing attacks the General kept the boys' spirits up by pointing out the direction in which he figured the bombs would fall.

"He certainly has a wonderful reputation among those with whom he has come in contact."

Private M. J. Connor, A.M.C., to friends at Wandin, Vic.:

"ONE is lucky to be able to scrounge a couple of sheets of writing-paper a week unless he comes across a padre.

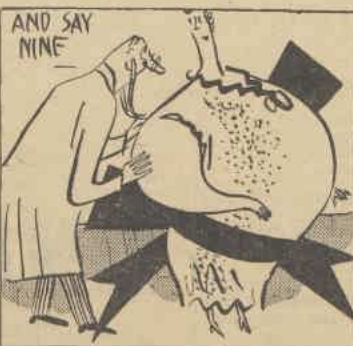
"Which reminds me of a Salvation Army padre here. One night going forward with an ambulance we were halted, and there was the good old chap begging a ride to get up to the front among his boys. By some means he had been left behind.

"He carried a large suitcase which we thought contained his own gear, but later we learned he had left all his personal belongings behind and the case was filled with cigarettes for the troops.

"The last I saw of this wonderful man that night he was holding the hands of the wounded and giving all the cheer he could.

"All about him the earth and sky were one great blitz, but this padre was not afraid; not he!"

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



DEEDS THAT THRILLED AUSTRALIA!



ILLUSTRATED BY MEL COOK



THE EXPLOIT WHICH EARNED THE D.F.M. FOR MILTON GRIFFIN



1 ONE DAY LAST JUNE, A GIANT SUNDERLAND FLYING BOAT ON PATROL WAS ATTACKED BY A MUCH FASTER GERMAN FOCKE-WOLFE BOMBER... THE ATTACK LEAVES THE SUNDERLAND DANGEROUSLY CRIPPLED...



3 LEADING AIRCRAFTSMAN MILTON GRIFFIN, R.A.F., THE FIRST FITTER, FINDS THAT THE OIL TANK IS PIERCED...

4 THE FLYING BOAT AND CREW IS DOOMED UNLESS QUICK ACTION IS TAKEN... GRIFFIN ACTS...



5 RISKING A HORRIBLE DEATH, HE CRAWLS INTO THE WING, EQUIPPED WITH TOOLS AND A DRUM OF OIL...

6 THE SUNDERLAND IS LOSING OIL THROUGH TWO LARGE HOLES IN THE OIL TANK - GRIFFIN PLUGS THESE... POURS IN OIL FROM THE DRUM AND SUCCEEDS IN MAINTAINING A CONTINUOUS SUPPLY.



7 SUFFERING INTENSELY FROM THE HEAT GRIFFIN STAYS IN THIS CRAMPED POSITION FOR TWO HOURS... THROUGH HIS EFFORTS THE SUNDERLAND IS SAVED!

Telephone bill of £20,000 a year

What it costs to bring "TIME" to Australia

Every month the Sunday Telegraph is paying the biggest single phone bill ever rendered in Australia. It's for radiophone service between New York and Sydney for the Sunday Telegraph Time news-review section.

THE total radiophone bill for the year will be £15,000.

Other charges will put the Sunday Telegraph's cost of getting the Time service into its office up to £20,000 a year, apart from production costs at the Sydney end.

This easily breaks all records in Australian journalism.

Since April 20, when the Sunday Telegraph started reproducing Time's world-famous cover of war

news and foreign affairs, demand for it has grown all over Australia.

This brilliant weekly survey is compiled by America's leading team of news-writers and research men.

Time has 75 ace writers on every angle of the war.

With them work 350 news-scouts, behind the scenes in every European capital, ferreting out the news, flashing it by radiophone to New York.

In New York Time has a bigger reference library than any other paper in the world.

APPEALS TO WOMEN

TIME is of interest to women because it brings them the straight facts of the war news.

Time reporters are everywhere where news is being made. Its hundreds of news-scouts are always on the spot. Its terse, simple, forthright way of telling the news appeals. Its crispness and common sense are convincing.

The news section of Time which appears in the Sunday Telegraph is intelligent—without being highbrow. It is forceful, accurate, and up to the second in telling of the war on all fronts.

AT THE BEAUTY COUNTER:

IN MY JOB I MUST HAVE A CLEAR, ATTRACTIVE SKIN — SO I USE REXONA.

Those who have had experience with all kinds of beauty care know that Rexona brings natural loveliness through perfect skin health. Rexona's special compound of medications, Cadyl, gently draws out impurities from the pores where all skin troubles start. Rexona corrects a blemished skin and makes a clear skin smoother and lovelier.



REXONA
is more than a beauty soap,
it's a Complete Skin Treatment

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

Whenever blemishes persist, use Rexona Soap and Ointment together. They form a sure treatment which soothes away irritation, heals the tissues and leaves the skin clear.

TREATMENT

Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear a little Rexona Ointment on the affected parts.



K.A.17a

There every item is checked, line by line.

Then last-minute proofs go to the Sunday Telegraph New York office. Within a few minutes Sydney is on the phone circuit.

Six expert shorthand men work in teams of two in the Sunday Telegraph radio room.

New York reads steadily ahead, spelling every tricky word, reporting every punctuation mark.

Sydney takes it in relays, teams checking and counter-checking.

It is routine to these skilled pressmen. But even with the checking pauses, reception averages 100 words a minute.

Straight facts

THIS complete cover of war news and foreign affairs, giving the straight facts, no matter whom they might affect, is printed in the Sunday Telegraph in time to be delivered in New South Wales at the same time as it is being read at Sunday breakfast tables all over America.

Time contains more real news than all the other news-reviews put together.

Only Time men are getting behind the scenes and slamming home the facts. They have special news channels other papers have never been able to discover.

Time was banned in Germany, Italy, Russia.

Its facts were too complete and candid. But Time went on collecting the facts, publishing them.

Its European prestige became so high that the warring governments gave its newsmen special facilities for sending news out to America.

You should read it yourself. That's the only way to get the news behind the news.

LOOK

FOR THE NAME



As generation succeeds generation the fame of Horrockses name is handed on. For products to achieve such popularity can mean only one thing, that the quality is of the highest, and that satisfaction is assured by asking for

It is your Guarantee of Quality

Horrockses

Sheets Pillowcases & Towels

MAKERS OF THE WORLD FAMOUS A.I. LONGCLOTH



FREE

LADIES' dainty HANDKERCHIEFS AND OTHER USEFUL GIFTS for DAD CARTON FRONTS

Reference No. 112—Ladies' dainty Lawn Handkerchiefs, prettily embroidered; assorted colours or White. Box of 3, for 24 points.

Reference No. 113—Ladies' Lawn Handkerchiefs as above. Box of 6, for 48 points.

Reference No. 114—Ladies' dainty Handkerchief, singles, wrapped in cellophane, available in coloured grounds, coloured borders or fancy White, for 8 points. 1/2 sized Dad Washing Tablets Carton Fronts cost 2 points.

Dad Washing Tablets are amazing. They clean out all dirt and grease without work, without effort. They will not harm the most delicate materials. Do your washing the new, sure, Dad way.



DAD

WASHING TABLETS

Write for further details and special coloured folders listing all gifts available to—

Dad Gifts, Post Office Box 45, CAMPERDOWN, N.S.W.

This offer does not apply to South Australia.

Asthma Agony Curbed in 3 minutes

Choking, gasping, wheezing Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, ruin your health and weaken your heart. Mendaco, the prescription of an American physician, starts relieving Asthma in 3 minutes, and builds new vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 34 hours, and to satisfy completely or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee protects you.

Mendaco

Ends Asthma . . . 8/2, 6/3, 12/6.

'FLU'S SABOTAGE



'Flu has already struck in many factories engaged in war work. Reports are coming in that 'flu germs are keeping many valuable workers away from their jobs. To-day more than ever before, we must keep 'flu at bay. Guard against 'flu and cold germs! Build up your resistance! The best way to do this is to drink a steaming hot cup of Bonox every day. Bonox pours glorious new strength straight into your bloodstream. Cafes, hotels and milk bars are serving Bonox now. Keep some Bonox at home too. Get a bottle of Bonox—mix a steaming hot cup before bed to-night.

★★★ FANTASIA

(Week's Best Release)

Walt Disney feature with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. (RKO.)

WALT DISNEY'S "Fantasia" is a new, daring and imaginative wedding of a great concert programme to a screen cartoon. The Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra is heard in a magnificent recording of eight classics. Eight Disney cartoons illustrate this music; the result is a superb delight for both eye and ear.

The importance of "Fantasia" as a new kind of screen production, and as a pioneer in strange, exciting fields of film entertainment, has already been detailed in The Australian Women's Weekly. Now what you want to know is what the film itself is about.

When the lights go down in the theatre, the screen shows a procession of musicians in shadow and in color. The tuning of instruments is heard. Then conductor Stokowski appears. He raises his baton, and "Fantasia" commences with Bach's "Tocata and Fugue in D Minor."

In the ensuing two hours there is something for every taste. You may relish the pictorial abstract kaleidoscope accompanying Bach. Others may get their purest pleasure out of the two breathtakingly ambitious sequences.

One is the 20-minute "Rites of Spring," with its brilliantly bold conception of the moulding of the universe and the first life on earth. The other is the terrifying and diabolical presentation of Mussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain."

I found my enchantment in the softer and more purely Disney pieces. The exquisitely tender and humorous "The Nutcracker Suite," with its flowers, dancing mushrooms, fish, and fairies, was my favorite. Then came the delicious humor of Mickey Mouse in "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." And that glorious ballet burlesque of ostriches and elephants in Ponchielli's "Dance of the Hours."

And how characteristically skilful of Disney to close "Fantasia" on the tranquil and reverent "Ave Maria."

The noted critic, Deems Taylor, acts as commentator throughout the film—which can be, and will be, seen again and again. For "Fantasia" is not only a great picture, it is a most provocative picture.

You may not agree with Disney's interpretation of certain music: I think his mythology and centaurettes for Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony" too trivial in conception—although lovely to the eye. Here is material for stimulating

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

argument, which will rage among music-lovers, balletomanes, and painters as well as among film-lovers like you and me, who find in "Fantasia" vast entertainment—Embassy; showing.

give faultless performances. Outstanding in the supporting cast is Joyce Howard as the sweetheart of Derek Farr, radio mechanic, who fashions wireless sets out of stolen bits and pieces—Lyceum; showing.

★★★ THE LADY EVE

Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda. (Paramount.)

BRILLIANT Preston Sturges both wrote and directed this film. Subtle, original, both in situation and theme, it is one of the most refreshing comedies seen for a long time.

The story falls into two parts: First, when Barbara Stanwyck, card sharp, falls in love with millionaire Henry Fonda on a New York-bound liner and gets him to propose, only to lose him when he learns of her past.

The second is when, on vengeance bent, Barbara poses as an English aristocrat, is accepted by Henry's family, and pitches the gullible young man a tall tale to explain away her likeness to the adventuress. Then she beguiles him into proposing a second time. It's strictly a fairy tale—but beautifully human.

Stanwyck, glamorously gowned and vivacious as the resourceful Lady Eve, and Fonda, bewildered, helpless against a woman's wiles, are a delightful combination—Prince Edward; showing.

★★★ FREEDOM RADIO

Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook. (British.)

THE story of a valiant band of German patriots who dare to talk of freedom from a secret station inside Germany. "Freedom Radio" is a suspenseful, finely-acted drama.

The theme is of an anti-Nazi doctor and his pro-Nazi wife who, after political disagreements which force them apart, join with a young radio engineer and two friends in establishing the Freedom Radio.

Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook

★★★ MEN OF BOYSTOWN

Spencer Tracy, Mickey Rooney. (MGM.)

THIS drama, occasionally sentimental, but full of heart-warming appeal, takes up the drama of "Boystown" some three years after the original film. You meet again Father Flanagan (played with dignity and intuition by Spencer Tracy); Whitey Marsh, an older and less emotional Mickey Rooney; Pee Wee, young Bob Watson.

In the new film, however, there is a new boy, Ted—youthful Larry Nunn—whose appearance in the home and whose regeneration are tied up with some startling adventures of Whitey's and Father Flanagan's struggle to save "Boystown."

Father Flanagan undertakes an outside campaign, too—the cleaning up of a notorious reformatory some thousand miles away. These sequences approach the lurid; the rest of the film cleaves strongly to humorous and pathetic sentiments—St. James; showing.

★★★ PENNY SERENADE

Irene Dunne, Cary Grant. (Columbia.)

IRENE DUNNE and Cary Grant, the comedy team of "The Awful Truth," turn to sentimental handkerchief-soaking drama in "Penny Serenade."

The plot deals with a man, his wife, and their adopted child. That's all. But the skilful direction of George Stevens and the splendid acting of the stars make it staunch, human fare.

Cary makes his struggling, small-town publisher seem very real. Irene, gay and earnest by turn, plays her emotional scenes with praiseworthy restraint. — State; showing.

★ POT O' GOLD

James Stewart, Paulette Goddard. (United Artists.)

UNITED STATES President's son, James Roosevelt, enters the production field with this film—a disappointing start.

In spite of the presence of Paulette Goddard and James Stewart, it is only mediocre farce, forced and often silly.

The film takes its name from the American radio session, conducted by Harold Heidt and his orchestra, and it features Heidt and his Musical Knights in six rather bright numbers.

Stewart plays an amateur harmonica player who runs a music shop, Paulette a boarding house-keeper's daughter, and Charles Winninger is Stewart's erratic uncle, a wealthy radio advertiser who can't stand music—Plaza; showing.

★ TOPPER RETURNS

Roland Young, Joan Blondell. (United Artists.)

THIRD of the "Topper" fantasies, based on the amusing Thorne Smith novels, this film, lacking the spontaneity of its predecessors, is just moderately entertaining.

The meek, mild-mannered Topper is once again portrayed by Roland Young, with Billie Burke his flighty, scatterbrain wife. But this time the mischievous, interfering spirit who rudely disturbs the peace of Topper's household is played by Joan Blondell.

Film adds mystery drama to its light-hearted fooling. Murdered, in mistake for her friend (Carole Landis), Joan returns to earth in shadowy form to seek out her assailant—Mayfair; showing.

Hot news from the studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES in New York and BARBARA BOURCHIER in Hollywood

TASMANIAN-BORN film star Merle Oberon must appear before the United States immigration authorities at Ellis Island to answer a charge of having entered the States illegally.

After flying to Canada to take part in a radio programme there, Merle returned by plane to New York the next day without the re-entry permit which is required of all resident aliens in the United States.

The star is married to the British producer, Alexander Korda.

VERA ZORINA flitted into town and was gone again before more than six people knew she had arrived. Here to make a test for "Louisiana Purchase," Zorina flew in on Sunday, and left again the same day for New York, so as not to miss her Monday night performance in the stage version of the same piece.

CHARLES BOYER tells interviewers: "I never discuss women or politics."

JANE DARWELL gave a tea for the mothers of veterans of the last war.

RUTH SELWYN, ex-wife of a Hollywood producer, wanted to make a film of the British women's war activities. She has now got the consent of the British Government to supervise the making of the film, and also the support of Queen Elizabeth. She will probably be leaving soon for London.

POOR Shirley Temple is already beset by fears of getting too fat to be pretty. She must take a few pounds off before going into her new

picture. The MGM athletic director is putting her through her paces carefully, for growing children must be wary of losing weight too quickly.

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW and Jane Withers took their elders out for dinner. Jane's mother and Fred's Aunt Cicie were their guests at the new Aquacade Restaurant.

LICE FAYE flew half-way across the country to spend the week-end with her husband, Phil Harris. She was back on the set of "Week-end in Havana" at nine Monday morning.

WHAT to give Betty Grable will soon become a problem for George Raft. Having showered her with mink coats, diamond bangles and other trifles, George has just given her his racehorse, Kay Diane.



PAIN
THAT WAS
TORTURE

SHE HAD TO
TELL A
"white lie"

MEN CAN'T REALISE—and it's so hard to "explain" when dragging, exhausting muscular cramps mean broken appointments and "time off." On those days every month when you would give anything to be able to shake off that terrible feeling of weakness—try a couple of little Myzone tablets.

ALREADY five out of every nine women are blessing this wonderful new pain-relief. For Myzone's special active (anti-spasm) compound brings immediate—more complete and lasting—relief from severe period pain, headache and sick-feeling, than anything else you've ever known. All chemists.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

Just take two Myzone tablets with water, or cup of tea. Find blessed relief and new, bright comfort . . . absolutely safe—notice how there is no "doping." Try Myzone with your very next "pain."

The Movie World

August 23, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

17

Slapstick

JUDY CANOVA TOPS NEW FILM CLOWNS

By JOAN McLEOD
in Hollywood

SCREEN biographies, pioneering epics, and high tragedy may come and go in ever-recurring cycles, but slapstick goes on for ever.

Back in Mack Sennett days the audience rocked when the beautiful bathing-girl hurled a custard pie slap into the face of the nearest comedian.

Costumes may have become more abbreviated, but the good old rough-and-tumble slapstick technique remains much the same and gets the same number of appreciative chuckles.

The public's appetite for slapstick may be judged by the speed with which any good new comedian is jumped to stardom.

Judy Canova's vocal gymnastics and hillbilly romping were well known only to the American radio and theatre public.



THEN last year Republic decided to try out this unique young comedienne in just one film — "Scatterbrain."

The public's response to Judy's magnificent high jinks was so enthusiastic that Republic gave her a contract, rushed preparations for a second film, "Sis Hopkins," and made her a star on the spot.

As Sis, the kind-hearted, ingenuous country bumpkin who became the butt of her snobbish city cousin, Judy was still grand fun.

Now she's in "Puddin'head"—with Francis Lederer as her leading man—and she is preparing for her next film, "Chatterbox."

The same thing has happened to slim Bud Abbott and chunky Lou Costello, of "Buck Privates" fame.

Abbott and Costello have been a vaudeville team for over ten years.

In his time nuggety Costello has been scene shifter and stunt man, as well as bit player in silent films, but he was cashier in a theatre when he first met live-wire Abbott.

Abbott, who was just establishing himself as a stage comedian, suggested they get together on a few "gags," and so the team of Abbott and Costello was born.

THEY clicked in a really big way on the radio. This year Universal gave them the comic roles in "Buck Privates."

Their riotous nonsense, in which they are perfect foils for each other established them immediately. They are to make no fewer than three films this year—"We're in the Navy Now," "Ride 'em, Cowboy," and "Oh, Charlie," in that order.

Screen clowns have usually far longer than the average five-year span allotted to the stars.

Laurel and Hardy, whose names probably spring first to mind when you think about slapstick, and who follow more closely than any other comedians to-day the Mack Sennett traditions, have been going strong as a movie team for fifteen years.

And they have just signed a five-year contract with Twentieth Century-Fox.

The Marx brothers and, to a lesser degree, the Ritz brothers have enjoyed a measure of success over a number of years.

Mischa Auer, Hugh Herbert, and Andy Devine are other long-term comedians.

There must be a reason for the present generous new helping of slapstick comedy? There is. This class of entertainment is the perfect recipe for "getting away from it all."



• Judy Canova's clowning proved so popular in "Scatterbrain" that she has been rushed into three more comedies by Republic Studio.



• When the Marx Brothers brought their peculiar kind of humor to the screen they were dubbed "the mad Marxes." Their lunatic comedy has delighted a logic-weary public ever since. Here you

see the brothers in a scene from their new MGM picture "Go West." Their next is . . . "The Big Store." After that, say the brothers, they will retire. But such real troupers never do.

They were DANCING and ROMANCING



• At Ciro's night-club, high-spirited Robert Taylor grabbed a photographer's flash-bulb camera and went shooting the stars. Results of his efforts are on this page.

• NEWLY WEDS

Mr. and Mrs. Vaughn Paul (Deanna Durbin), who dropped in for supper, were dancing in a beautiful dream, Deanna rapt, Vaughn tender.

• PUPPY LOVERS

Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper were "jittering" enthusiastically. Bonita wore her best dress—and a quaint feather confection on her head. (Above).

• ROMANCERS

Betty Grable and George Raft, the best pair of dancers on any floor, were truckin'—and George wouldn't allow anybody to cut in.

• YOUNG MARRIEDS Ilona Massey and Alan Curtis, adorned with festive leis, were gaily celebrating their return from South America, which combined a belated honeymoon for both, a personal appearance tour for the glamorous Hungarian Ilona. They were married last March.

Guard your Skin...

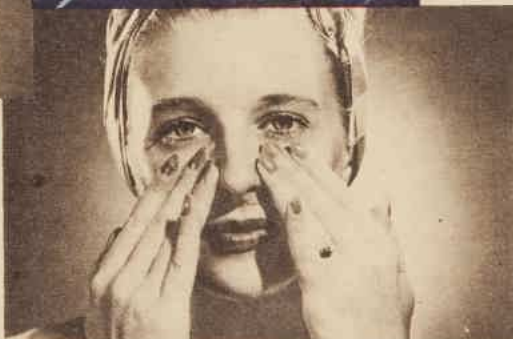
against Winter!

When Winter storms the citadel of your beauty . . . when harsh winds and frosty air wreak havoc with your skin, that is the time to take care. Just as you protect your body with warm wraps, so you must protect your skin with the simple CASHMERE BOUQUET HOME BEAUTY routine. Make-up cannot camouflage a defective skin, so you must be sure to keep your skin soft and radiant as a Springtime flower.



WINTER BEAUTY ENEMY . . . No. 1

Beware that drying skin! After you have washed your face at night, use a generous quantity of Cashmere Bouquet CLEANSING CREAM to cleanse deep into the pores, melting away all impurities and cosmetic dyes.



WINTER BEAUTY ENEMY . . . No. 2

Harsh weather causes your skin to flake . . . gives it that tight, dry feeling. Pat in your Cashmere Bouquet TISSUE CREAM every night to nourish the tissues, strengthen the muscle fibres and keep the skin smooth and flexible.



WINTER BEAUTY ENEMY . . . No. 3

Defeat that cold, pinched look by bracing your skin every morning with Cashmere Bouquet SKIN TONIC ASTRINGENT. Apply Astringent on a cottonwool pad moistened with water to stimulate skin to a radiant glow before you apply your make-up.



Cashmere Bouquet

Incubators for screen talent

DRAMATIC SCHOOLS HAVE
BECOME SHOW WINDOWS
FOR MOVIE ASPIRANTS

By Barbara Bouchier in Hollywood

GONE are the days when ambitious youngsters came to Hollywood with high hopes and empty pockets. Now when a prospective actor arrives in town he has tucked away in an inside pocket a lump sum earmarked for immediate transference to a well-known dramatic school.

The newcomer knows the best way to get attention from the studios is to be seen on the stage of one of Hollywood's reputable Little Theatres.

There must be at least 50 combination Little Theatres and Dramatic Schools in Hollywood and the neighboring suburbs, from the famous Pasadena Community Playhouse and the equally popular Max Reinhardt Workshop to the humble homes which advertise dramatic lessons at six shillings an hour.

There are fakes and frauds here, as there are everywhere, but the great majority of the schools are inspirational to the cub actor, and helpful in getting him before the eyes of the motion-picture producers and directors.

Besides teaching the girls and boys how to act, these dramatic schools become show windows for the youthful talent. At least once a month each school puts on a play, and most of the talent scouts and casting directors of the studios come along in search of movie prospects.

"We are just as eager to find talent as the actors are to display it," said Bob Palmer, casting director of RKO. "Naturally, we cover as many of the shows as possible, and if a new face interests us we watch for the other necessary qualities which the actor may possess."

"The sound of his voice, his poise, how he looks from different angles—all these things show up far more satisfactorily on the stage than they would in an office interview."

"Sometimes we offer an actor a screen test on the strength of his dramatic school performance."

"Sometimes we are so impressed with him that we sign him at once without any further ado."

Max Reinhardt's school, on Wilshire Boulevard, is a modernistic grey building in a fashionable district. Dropping in one afternoon, I found a dozen serious students rehearsing their lines for Noel Coward's "To-night at 8.30."

Standing in the wings was a tall, dark boy with Irish blue eyes and a grin like Fred MacMurray's. His name I learned was Jimmy Dugan and he was waiting for his cue to go on in "Hands Across the Sea." Jimmy had been studying only three months at Reinhardt's, but he was consumed with a fierce ambition to make good quickly.

Reinhardt's record

"I DID a part in 'Holiday' for 'the Doctor,'" he told me. "But I wasn't any good in it. This is my real chance." He added further that all the students referred to Max Reinhardt as "the Doctor."

Reinhardt was well known in Germany and Austria before coming to this country. Under his direction many of the greatest stars of the European stage had found fame. Luise Rainer, Elisabeth Bergner, and Hedy Lamarr are all Reinhardt pupils of the past.

Olivia de Havilland, playing in one of "the Doctor's" first American productions, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," got her start both on the stage and in the screen version.

"All those people on the wall!"—Jimmy waved a well-muscled arm at the portrait gallery—"have contracts at different studios through their work here. Maybe it will take me a long time, but I'm going to be up there, too." And I think he will.

The Edward Clarke Academy, the Bliss-Hayden Miniature Theatre, and the School of Guy Bates Post are all thriving, productive incubators of embryo talent.

Most renowned of all the dramatic schools, one to which students come from all over the world, is the Pasadena Community Playhouse. Scores of famous names have come from its roster to shine above theatres wherever pictures are shown.

Jean Arthur, Randolph Scott, Robert Preston, Robert Taylor, Wayne Morris, Gloria Stuart, Victor Jory, and Helen Mack are a few names picked at random. All owe their start to the Playhouse which



• The famous Max Reinhardt, who runs a successful dramatic school in Hollywood.



• Wayne Morris, popular film actor now in the U.S. Naval Air Arm, was once a student actor at the Pasadena Community Playhouse.



• Another ex-member of the Pasadena Playhouse, Randolph Scott, now a seasoned actor, has the hero's role in Fox's "Belle Starr."

The course offered new students is for two years. It involves training in all branches of the theatre, from make-up to stage lighting. Under a staff of instructors the students learn fencing, voice-training, scenic design, cinema technique, and many other allied arts. Not only are actors developed here, but future directors.

But a two-year course is sometimes out of the question for some would-be actors. With limited time and more limited funds they are forced to pick smaller and less-known schools.

Some of these are just as reputable, but some, unfortunately, exist merely for the purpose of parting the young actor and his funds as quickly as possible. The frauds are not as common as they used to be, however. Whether the police are more vigilant or the actors more wary it is hard to say, but most of the fly-by-night schools which promise the actor studio contacts and a golden future have gone.

The Long Beach Little Theatre gave us Laraine Day. Jean Muir's Workshop gave us Jane Bryan. The Bliss-Hayden provided Republic Studios with a first-class leading man in the person of Ralph Byrd.

All over Hollywood are dotted the dramatic schools. Every day casually-dressed boys and girls in their slacks and sweaters go over their lines and learn their entrances and exits.

When their opening night comes they dress in their best and wait in the wings hoping, hoping that the rumor buzzing backstage is true.

"Cecil B. De Mille, Frank Capra, and Alfred Hitchcock are all out front to-night!"



Myrna Loy, fascinating M.G.M. Star, has thrilled millions throughout the world with her sterling performances in many outstanding Motion Picture Productions. Miss Loy's advice as to the correct shade of Powder, Rouge and Lipstick to use comes from Max Factor ★ Hollywood.

Screen Stars use the make-up which is most flattering to their natural beauty. You will be thrilled with your new charm and new allure when you use the correct shade of Powder, Rouge and Lipstick recommended to you by Max Factor.

FILL IN COUPON
AND POST TODAY

Max Factor, Her Majesty's Academy, Sydney, Australia. Send Max Factor your size Rouge Sampler and Lipstick palette. I enclose cheque in stamp to cover postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-up chart and 48-page illustrated instruction book. The New Art of Society Make-up by Max Factor.

FREE

COMPLEXION	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
VERY LIGHT <input type="checkbox"/>	BLUE <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/>	VERY OILY <input type="checkbox"/>
FAIR <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	NORMAL <input type="checkbox"/>
CREAM <input type="checkbox"/>	HAZEL <input type="checkbox"/>	BLACK <input type="checkbox"/>	VERY DRY <input type="checkbox"/>
MEDIUM <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	RED <input type="checkbox"/>	VERY OILY <input type="checkbox"/>
BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BLACK <input type="checkbox"/>	BLACK <input type="checkbox"/>	VERY DRY <input type="checkbox"/>
VERY BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BLACK <input type="checkbox"/>	BLACK <input type="checkbox"/>	VERY DRY <input type="checkbox"/>
BLACK <input type="checkbox"/>	BLACK <input type="checkbox"/>	BLACK <input type="checkbox"/>	VERY DRY <input type="checkbox"/>
NAME _____	ADDRESS _____	CITY OR TOWN _____	STATE _____

Max Factor
Hollywood & London

Representatives for Australia:
Fred C. James and
Geo. H. Anderson
Pty. Ltd.
Box 3962V, G.P.O.
Sydney.

KISS the BOYS GOOD-BYE



1 TANTRUMS of singer Myra (Barbara Allen) decide producer Fisher, director Lloyd (Ameche) on new girl for revue.



2 HEARING Fisher will seek Southern belle for role, New York chorine Cindy (Mary Martin) rushes to Georgia home.



3 WHEN talent scouts Lloyd and composer Rayburn (Oscar Levant) arrive in Georgia, Cindy gets aunt to entertain them.



4 IMITATING Southern ingenue, Cindy impresses Rayburn, but the wary Lloyd suspects the whole thing is faked.



5 SMUGGLED on to the New York train by infatuated Rayburn, Cindy admits her trick to Lloyd, who, attracted to her in spite of his better judgment, is persuaded not to send her back.



6 OUTWITTING Lloyd, however, Cindy arrives in New York as Southern belle, straightway wins over the delighted producer who promises her stardom in revue.



Echo of Scarlett O'Hara

PARAMOUNT'S musical, "Kiss the Boys Good-bye," is based on the stage play of the same name by Clare Boothe, author of "The Women."

It is a satire on David O. Selznick's nation-wide quest for an actress to play Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone With the Wind."

The plot deals with a Broadway producer's search for a genuine Southern belle to star in his musical and a New York chorus girl who poses as a Southern ingenue to get the job.

In the film Mary Martin has the role of the enterprising Cindy Lou. Don Ameche is the stage director, Oscar Levant a composer, and Jerome Cowan the producer of the revue.

7 BUT MYRA, who badly wants to be in the show herself, insists upon the unhappy Lloyd exposing Cindy's fraud immediately.

WE'RE IN THE ARMY NOW!

DON'T BE IMPATIENT! I'LL BRING YOU SOME OF THOSE KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES IN MINUTE!

AFTER THAT 25 MILES ROUTE MARCH TOMORROW WE GO ON LEAVE. WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS?

MY GIRL FRIEND IS TAKING ME FOR A HIKE!

ANY COMPLAINTS BOYS?

NO, SARGE! HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS! KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES EVERY MORNING!

SEE THIS WAXTITE WRAPPER? THAT'S WHAT KEEPS KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES SO FRESH! THE AIR CAN'T GET IN THE FLAVOUR CAN'T GET OUT!

HEY! THIS IS YOUR SECOND TIME ROUND!

I CAN'T RESIST THAT CRISP OVEN-FRESH FLAVOUR OF KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES!

THEY SAY YOU CAN MARCH 25 MILES ON THE ENERGY SUPPLIED BY ONE PLATE OF KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES WITH MILK AND SUGAR!

THEY WOULD!

THERE GOES SOUTHERN AFTER MESSER(S) AGAIN!

YOU CAN'T FOOL ME! I COULD TELL THIS FLAVOR ANYWHERE. THESE ARE KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES!

STURTH! YOU'RE RIGHT AGAIN! THAT'S TWO BOB I OWE YOU!

WHAT GIVES KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES THIS EXTRA DELICIOUS FLAVOUR?

THEY'RE MADE FROM THE CHOICEST WHITE AUSTRALIAN CORN TAKEN FROM PRE-SELECTED CROPS!

AND SHE SWIMS LIKE A FISH!

THAT REMINDS ME—DO YOU KNOW THAT ONE PLATE OF KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES WITH MILK AND SUGAR IS EQUAL IN ENERGY VALUE TO THREE HELPINGS OF FRIED FISH!

THE BOYS GET THE BEST OF EVERYTHING IN THE ARMY. DELICIOUS KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES EVERY MORNING! THEY BEAT EVERYTHING ELSE HANDS DOWN FOR FLAVOUR!

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

Kellogg's Corn Flakes are not only more delicious than anything else, but they are also richest in energy value. Give your whole family crisp, crunchy delicious Kellogg's Corn Flakes every morning.

It's a championship winner... this

SLEEK TENNIS CARDIGAN

AN essential in your sports wardrobe is a smart tennis cardigan to wear between sets.

Here is one which should win all eyes on the court. It's knitted in 3-ply white wool and has sleek vertical ribbing combined with moss-stitch in its pattern.

The short sleeves and the little collar are smart.

Here are the knitting instructions:

Materials: 8oz. of 3-ply wool for short sleeves (8oz. for long sleeves), 1 pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles, and 10 small white buttons, 1/4 in. in diameter.

Measurements: Length from shoulder at armhole edge, 19 ins.; width all round under the arms, when fastened, 34 ins.; length of short sleeve seam, 7 ins.; long sleeve, 18 ins.

Tension: 7 sts. to 1 in. in width, and 9 rows to 1 in. in depth.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; sta, stitches; dec, decrease or decreasing; inc, increase or increasing; ins, inches; rep, repeat; m-st, moss-stitch; patt, pattern.

Work into the back of all cast-on sts. to produce firm edges.

BACK

Begin at the lower edge. Cast on 91 sts. using No. 12 needles and work 4 ins. in k 1, p 1 rib. Change to No. 10 needles and the patt. as follows:

1st Row: * P 1, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1,

● Maybe you're not an "A"-grade tennis champion, but you'll certainly win lots of approval for smart dressing with this snow-white jacket. It's knitted with fancy ribs against a moss-stitch background and finished with buttons up the centre front.

k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1. Rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: * K 1, p 2, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 2, k 1. Rep. from * to end.

These 2 rows form the patt. and are rep. throughout, but at the same time inc. 1 st. at both ends of the 5th row, then at both ends of every 6th row following until there are 121 sts. (working the extra sts. into the patt. after each inc.), then continue without inc. until the work measures 12 1/2 ins. from the beginning, finishing with work right side towards you.

Armhole Shaping: Cast off 3 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows, then dec. 1 st. at both ends of the next 5 rows, leaving 93 sts. Continue without dec. until the armholes measure 6 ins. on the straight, finishing with work right side towards you.

Shoulder Shaping: Cast off 7 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows, then cast off the remaining sts. for the back neck.

RIGHT FRONT

Begin at the lower edge. Cast on 57 sts. using No. 12 needles and work 6 rows in p 1, k 1 rib.

7th Row: Rib 5, cast off 2, rib to end.

8th Row: Rib to cast-off sts., cast on 2, rib 5. Make buttonholes in this way only, working in the correct patt. or rib on every 17th and 18th rows until there are 10 in all to neck.

When the ribbing is the same d pth as on the back, finishing at the buttonhole edge change to No. 10 needles and the patt. as follows:

1st Row: M-st. 16, beginning p 1, then k 1, * p 2, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1. Rep. from * to end, finishing p 1.

2nd Row: Patt. 40, p 1, m-st. 16. Now keeping the 16 sts. at front edge in patt. and making buttonholes as directed, inc. 1 st. at the side edge on the 5th row, then on every 6th row following until there are 72 sts. Continue without inc. until the work measures 12 1/2 ins. from the beginning, finishing at the side edge.

ARMHOLE SHAPING

Cast off 3 sts. at the beginning of the next row, then at the same edge on the next 2 alternate rows. Now dec. 1 st. at the same edge on the next 5 rows, leaving 58 sts. Con-



FOR SMART TENNIS WEAR, a jacket knitted in 3-ply white wool with vertical ribbing against a moss-stitch background. Instructions for knitting on this page.

tinue without dec. until the 10th buttonhole has been worked, finishing at the front edge.

NECK SHAPING

Next Row: Cast off 8, then work over 8 sts. more and place these 9 sts. on to a safety pin for the present, leaving 41 sts. on the left-hand needle. Now begin the shaping on these 41 sts. thus: Cast off 3 sts. at the beginning of this row, then at this same edge on the next 2 alternate rows. Now dec. 1 st. at the same edge on the next 4 rows, leaving 28 sts. Continue without dec. until the armhole measures 7 ins. on the straight, finishing at the armhole edge.

SHOULDER SHAPING

Cast off 7 sts. at the beginning of the next row, then every alternate row at the same edge until all sts. have been cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Work this to match the right front, but with all shapings at the opposite edges, also omit the buttonholes.

SHORT SLEEVES

Begin at the lower edge. Cast on 78 sts. using No. 12 needles and work 2 ins. in k 1, p 1 rib. Change to No. 10 needles and patt. but at the same time inc. 1 st. at both ends of the 3rd row, then at both ends of every row until there are 106 sts. Work without inc. until

the sleeve measures 7 ins. down the centre, then shape the top by dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 24 sts. remain. Cast off.

LONG SLEEVES

Begin at the cuff. Cast on 52 sts. using No. 12 needles and work 2 ins. in k 1, p 1 rib. Change to No. 10 needles, then work in patt., but at the same time inc. 1 st. at both ends of the 5th and every following 6th row until there are 106 sts. on the needle. Work without inc. until the sleeve measures 18 ins. down the centre, then shape the top by dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 24 sts. remain. Cast off.

COLLAR

Join the shoulders, making the stripes of the back match the stripes of the front, and press the seams. Hold the right side of the neck towards you and with a ball of wool and a No. 10 needle m-st. across the 9 sts. on the safety pin, then pick up 75 sts. all round the neck, then m-st. 9 of left rever (93). Work 2 ins. in m-st., then cast off in m-st.

MAKING-UP

Sew in the sleeves, then press the work on the wrong side with a warm iron and damp cloth. Join up the side and sleeve seams and press them. Sew buttons on the left front to correspond with the buttonholes on right front.



CLOSE-UP of the stitches used in knitting the tennis cardigan on this page.

"IT ISN'T ONLY FILM STARS WHO WANT LOVELY SKIN. MISS FAYE...WON'T YOU TELL US YOUR SECRET?"

Lux Toilet Soap does a wonderful job for me. It helps keep skin smooth and soft...your skin is gently, thoroughly cleansed...you'll love it

ACTUAL STATEMENT BY
Alice Faye

(I'D OFTEN WONDERED HOW FILM STARS KEPT THEIR SKIN SO LOVELY. IF THEY USE LUX TOILET SOAP, I'LL TRY IT TOO...)

Alice Faye is right! LUX TOILET SOAP DOES MAKE MY SKIN SMOOTH AND SWEET. AND ONE TABLET LASTS FOR AGES!

OH JANE, YOU'RE SO LOVELY—I DON'T DESERVE A GIRL LIKE YOU.

DARLING BOB, YOU'VE MADE ME THE HAPPIEST GIRL IN ALL THE WORLD!

LUX TOILET SOAP
is supercreamed—gives a rich, luxurious lather

A LEVER PRODUCT

LT. 17. 18

FASHION PORTFOLIO

August 23, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

23

SPORTS TOGS ... to welcome spring

• A pleated skirt done in white flannel and worn with a vivid emerald-green shirt-blouse with quaint suspended pockets. A purple belt adds further color.



• Ideal for tennis—the bare midriff trend in daffodil-yellow sharkskin. The brief top and skirt are made in wrap-on style and buttoned to match.

• High-waisted suspender culottes of bright navy-blue wool finely striped in white and enhanced with a casual shirt in the brightest red ever.

• Young-hearted pinafore in deep blue knoppe linen offset by a faintly sailor blouse in red-and-white candy stripes. Round the neck a red scarf.

• Full-skirted sheer wool pinafore in mauve, green, and white plaid is worn with a pertly-tailored blouse in heavy primrose-yellow crepe.

CAPTIVATING HEADLINES

. . . for the new season



• White owl's wings are strikingly used for this elaborate afternoon hat. The base of the hat and the divided lace veil are in taupe-grey. (Above.)

• With an immaculately tailored grey-and-white finely checked costume, a dramatic topper in oyster-grey felt with a rolled-up brim. (Top left.)



• Flattering picture hat in natural felt, banded in eye-catching zebra piped in red crepe, carries on the vogue for skins. For further zest zebra boutonnieres, set nonchalantly on the shoulder, gloves, and bag. (Left.)

• Youthful, up-turned hat in lightweight navy-blue felt, with small, fitting crown. The wide brim is faced with a delicate band of stiffly starched white broderie anglaise. (Right.)



Suggestions FOR SPRING

● With the export drive at its height, the couturiers are unusually interested in making suggestions for Australian fashions. They have at last begun to realise exactly how fashion-conscious Australian women are. Hartnell, Isobel, and Jacqmar all have definite ideas for Australian spring models.

By ALISON SETTLE
in London



SLENDER frock of brown marocain with deep plunging V neckline and a trim jacket garnished with white broderie anglaise.

TRIM black crepe frock with bodice and sleeves highlighted with graduated tucks. The high neckline is edged with white ribbon.

THE matching light-weight wool frock and long coat will meet the needs of variable spring weather," says Hartnell, "especially if the frock has short sleeves and a yoke of some lighter fabric. There is economy in this type of dressing, too, as the coat can be worn over crepe or chiffon frocks with great effect. The colors I suggest are the new royal-blue which has a definite purplish tone, the new beige called 'cement,' or that earthy shade which is neither grey nor brown."

Monotones and delicate pastels are now regaining popularity, but are nearly always pepped up with plenty of white garnishing. Blue is leading in the bright colors, then a new vivid pink called "deep geranium," red poppy, and a clear daffodil-yellow.

Isobel suggests tailor-made silk frocks in plain colors worn under a tweed or camel-hair topcoat.

"This type of dressing always looks smart without being too dressy for wartime," she says. "For occasions when 'dressiness' is essential, black or black-and-white is the well-dressed woman's great stand-by."

Jacqmar suggests figured crepe frocks worn under plain wool coats in the predominating color of the crepe pattern.

"Make everything neat, waistled, and short, and you can't go far

wrong," says Teddy Tining, who is now Jacqmar's ace designer.

Debenham and Freebody, who are experts in design for overseas, being great exporters to South America, give their spring suggestions in the three pictured models.

The navy-and-white figured crepe ensemble, with its hat in white felt edged and trimmed in navy, has several interesting features which include a rather low waistline finished with a self-material belt, a double skirt which gives it the effect of being coat and frock, a bodice pleated under bands of navy ribbon giving it a cross-check effect, and a high V-neckline finished with cord and tassels in bright searlet.

Touches of white

DARK brown and white is a popular color combination just now, so this frock in brown marocain with its revers and pocket edgings of heavy white broderie anglaise is a definitely up-to-the-minute suggestion, especially as the frock has the upward pointed corselet waist and gathered yoke. Another novel feature is that the jacket is all in one with the frock at the back.

The "boater" type white straw hat is very effective, trimmed only with a brown band and a mass of soft brown veiling.

The fashionable touch of white appears on the Debenham and Freebody black crepe model in the form of a pilot-edged neckband and ribbon bow. This frock is lifted from the commonplace by its bodice and half-sleeves of graduated tucks, and its row from waist to neck, of rather large round self-material buttons. The skirt, slightly flared, fits sleekly over the hips. This ensemble was designed primarily for wear with fur.



NAVY-AND-WHITE figured crepe made with double skirt to give the effect of a coat and frock. The high neckline is finished with cord and tassels in searlet-red. The three models photographed are from Debenham and Freebody.

« RESULTS OF AUTHENTIC NATIONAL SURVEY » CONDUCTED AMONG AUSTRALIAN DENTISTS

(Ask Your Chemist for the Facts)

**DENTISTS SELECT IPANA
FOR THEIR OWN USE
3 TO 1 OVER ANY OTHER DENTIFRICE**

Help yourself to firmer gums, brighter teeth with Ipana and massage . . . the dentifrice used by three times as many dentists as any other.

WHEN you brush your teeth to-morrow morning ask yourself, "Is my dentifrice doing everything for me a dentifrice can and should do?"

Perhaps it is. But bear this in mind: Of all the dentifrices on sale to-day, dentists of Australia prefer Ipana for their personal use 3 to 1 over any other paste or powder! That is the remarkable fact disclosed by the National Survey recently conducted among dentists throughout Australia.

Why not follow the lead of these dentists who know about the proper care of teeth and gums? Why not change to Ipana . . . the tooth paste specially designed not only to clean your teeth thoroughly, brilliantly, but with massage, also to aid your gums to strong, healthy firmness!

Yes—get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste from your chemist to-day. And start right away the faithful everyday habit of Ipana and massage . . . for the sake of healthier gums, brighter teeth, a more sparkling smile!

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance. Ipana is sold by **CHEMISTS ONLY**. Regular Size 1/-—Super Size 2/-.



GUARD AGAINST "PINK" ON YOUR TOOTH BRUSH . . . WITH IPANA AND MASSAGE



Mrs. R.: "Oh darn it! There's 'pink' on my tooth brush again to-day!"

Betsy: "Mummy, teacher says when you see 'pink' on your tooth brush you should see your dentist right away. She says 'pink tooth brush' may not mean serious trouble, but it's a warning just the same."

Dentist: "Yes, Mrs. R., gums as well as teeth must have regular care. For to-day's soft foods deny them the exercise they need for health. That's why gums often become weak and tender. I suggest daily gum massage."

Mrs. R.: "Thank you, doctor. I'll start using Ipana and massage to-day."

SEE YOUR DENTIST at least twice a year to enable him to discover and check any unsuspected dental defects.

MAKE NO MISTAKE, WE'RE "Talking Turkey"



ORDER PECK'S "TURKEY & TONGUE" paste and Peck's "CHICKEN & HAM" from your grocer or small goods dealer to-day and remember these meat pastes are GUARANTEED to contain genuine Turkey and Chicken where stated.

Make no mistake, we're "talking Turkey" when we tell you that these new Peck's pastes are something to make your mouth water. Milder in flavour than "Anchovette" or "Salmon & Shrimp," these new pastes should be particularly popular with kiddies and the women-folk. Incorporating the original English recipes made famous by Peck's of London, these pastes contain over 95% of the finest Australian meats and poultry and are made in an Australian factory staffed by 100% Australian labour.

Two Delicious
NEW PASTES BY PECK'S
TURKEY & TONGUE • CHICKEN & HAM

AVAILABLE IN 4 SIZES EVERYWHERE
 1 OZ. JUNIOR ★ 1½ OZ. MIDGET ★ 2½ OZ. MEDIUM ★ 3 OZ. TALL



FREE to YOU

"HOW TO BE A SUCCESSFUL HOSTESS"

The most unusual recipe book ever published

This is far more than just another recipe book, for here is a complete ready reference for the Hostess. "Table Settings"; "Wines, how and when to have them"; "The Etiquette of Weddings and Engagements"; "Letters and Invitations"; "The Art of Menu Planning"; "Cocktail Mixing" — are some of the highlights from this fascinating book! Many new recipes (several in natural colours) offer something entirely new in exciting dishes for Breakfast, Luncheon, Afternoon Tea, Dinner and Supper.

FOR FREE BOOK MAIL THIS COUPON

To Harry Peck & Company (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.,
 Mentmore Ave., Rosebery, Sydney, N.S.W. Box 20, P.O., Waterloo.
 Sirs,—Please send me your NEW BOOK, "HOW TO BE A SUCCESSFUL HOSTESS." I enclose 2d. in stamps to cover postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

WW P2.



JACKETS and SKIRTS

Designed for spring

Sketched by Petrov

● 1. Finely knife-pleated skirt in heavy white crepe is worn with a matching jacket, slightly bloused and featuring pouch pockets. A narrow belt of black patent encircles the waist.

● 2. Pleated skirt of black sheer wool climaxed with a slim-fitting sweater-top in dull-surfaced crepe boldly striped in red, black, and white.

● 3. Pinatore style that is perfect for spectator sports. The skirt and quaintly-pocketed jacket are in tan linen and the casually-tailored shirt-blouse in light beige linen.

● 4. Trim skirt of black silk crepe topped by a jacket-blouse in white crepe. Sleeves are full and graceful, and jacket blouses into the waist but fits sleekly over the hips.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

DAINTY BED-JACKET

● This charming little jacket is sweet enough for a trousseau, or even if you're sick in bed it will make you look as pretty as a picture. So easy to make, too.

DISCARD your woollies and welcome spring with a georgette jacket. Sleeves are full to the elbow, and the chic little yoke sports a touch of floral embroidery. It is obtainable from our Needlework Department all ready traced and ready for making in georgette in shades of white,

cream, blue, yellow, pink, and green. Made in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust, it is priced at 7/6, plus 3d. postage. Cottons for working may also be obtained for the price of 2½d. per skein. A paper pattern of the design is also available from our Pattern Department for 1/1 each. (No transfer to match.)



No. 120

Such an effective bed-jacket with soft fullness gathered into a tiny embroidered yoke.

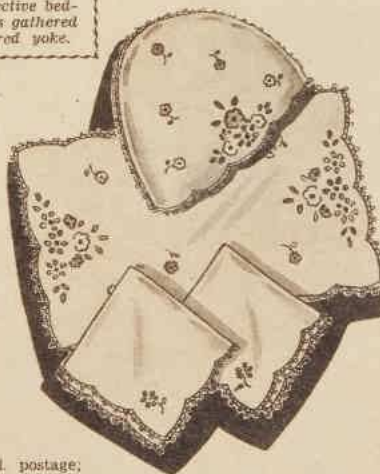
GAY NEW TRAY-SET

Available in organdie or sheer linen

THIS charming set may be obtained from our Needlework Department in sheer linen or organdie. The set comprises the tea-cosy, traycloth and two serviettes, the edges are spoke-stitched all ready for crochet or lace, and the delightful floral motifs are to be worked in a gay array of colors to tone with material used. In sheer linen: Tea-cosy, size 13in. x 10in., costs 3/6, plus 2d. postage. Traycloth, 11in. x 17in., costs 2/6, plus 2d. postage.

Serviettes, 11in. x 11in., cost 1/- each, plus 1d. postage, or the complete set, comprising the tea-cosy, traycloth, and two serviettes, 7/3. In shades of deep cream, white, blue, lemon, pink, and green, plus 3d. postage.

In organdie: Tea-cosy, size 13in. x 10in., costs 2/6, plus 1d. postage; traycloth, size 11in. x 17in., costs 1/9, plus 1d. postage; serviettes, size 11in. x 11in., cost 1/- each, plus 1d. postage; or the complete set, comprising tea-cosy, traycloth and two serviettes, 5/3, plus 3d. postage. Organdie in shades of white, green, blue, and lemon.



ATTRACTIVE TRAY-SET as bright as spring itself, and best of all it is so easy to embroider. Obtainable now from our Needlework Department.

Summer suit for small boys

THIS practical and smart little suit for one to four-year-olds is now available at our Needlework Department traced ready for working and sewing. Its main attraction is its simplicity. It is made in linora, in cream, white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. It features an emblem transfer on the bodice and on each tiny pocket at the hipline, and these should be worked in

shades to tone with the material used. The Peter Pan collar and buttoned front and short sleeves all make for comfort.

Size 1 to 2 years, 2/9, plus 2d. postage; size 2 to 4 years, 3/3, plus 2d. postage.

A paper pattern of the design may also be obtained for 1/1, and the matching transfer for the price of 1/3 extra.



No. 119. On warm, sunny days keep your small son looking crisp and cool in this trim suit.

TWO YEARS OLD TODAY, JUMPER! LUX CERTAINLY HELPS US WOOLLIES CARRY OUR AGE WELL!



WE'RE LUCKY. CARDIGAN—WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN WASHED IN LUX. IT MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE

LUX woollies to keep them soft and colourful.

LUX is gentle . . .

contains no soda.



A LEVER PRODUCT

U.S. 17

Fashion PATTERNS

Flattering new styles that will give a gay welcome to spring

F3304.—Engaging soldier suit for small boys 2-8 years. Requires 2½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F3267.—Day frock with pleated skirt and unusual bodice. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2144.—Tailored style, perfect for a stripes. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3294.—Matron's frock with slim-making lines. 38 to 44 bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3272.—Attractive suit with jacket banded in crisp white. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F3298.—Smart frock you can make from two remnants. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2yds. floral and 2yds. plain, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3265.—Sophisticated frock with contrasting gathered bodice. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds. and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.



F3267

F2144

F3294

F3265

F3298

F3272



SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Three trim styles. Sizes, 32, 34 and 36-inch bust.

No. 1.—Requires 4yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 2.—Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 3.—Requires 4yds., 36ins. wide.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department" to the address in your State as under:—

Box 288A, G.P.O. Adelaide.
Box 491C, G.P.O. Perth.
Box 499F, G.P.O. Brisbane.
Box 185C, G.P.O. Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O. Newcastle.
Box 408BW, G.P.O. Sydney.

Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O. Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 408BW, G.P.O. Sydney.
(N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME

STREET

SUBURB

TOWN

STATE

SIZE

Pattern Coupon, 22/8/41.

PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

She helps to operate balloon barrage



GIRLS OF THE W.A.A.F. in England mending damaged balloons. An Australian girl is among the first team of 16 Waafs to operate a balloon in London.

Australian girl in first crew to take over from R.A.F.

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in England

Eighteen-year-old, fair-haired Denice Horley, formerly of Frankston, Melbourne, is the first Australian girl to operate one of the balloons which form London's mighty barrage against Nazi bombers.

She is a member of the first W.A.A.F. all women balloon crew.

DENICE left school two years ago, and immediately joined the Women's Auxiliary Air Force. Now she's been selected for this much-coveted job, and is the baby of the crew.

In a Mayfair square, hidden among the leaves of age-old trees, 16 Waafs are in charge of this particular balloon site. They work day and night.

Denice, dressed in a working uni-

form which consists of a blue boiler suit, knee-length rubber boots, and navy-blue beret, told me of the feeling of importance she had at being chosen.

"It all depends on us how many of the balloons in the barrage will be operated entirely by women crews."

"All of us, from the sergeant in charge down to me, are determined to do well. These balloon sites were previously and entirely operated by the R.A.F., and ours is one of the most difficult, as it is surrounded by tall houses whose red picturesque

chimneys menace our balloon as we send it up and bring it down.

"We call our balloon 'Romeo,' and always refer to it as 'he.' The R.A.F. who manned the balloon site before we were drafted here called the balloon 'Gloria,' and referred to it as 'she.'"

At this stage in our talk, Denice, hearing the voice of the sergeant through the megaphone, went to her action station.

The signal had come through from flight headquarters to send "Romeo" to a height whereat enemy planes would be held.

Six girls were manning the balloon at the guy ropes at the bow, midships, and stern, with one girl working the winch, and one girl on the bollard head.

Their instructions were such as, "Haul in winch," "Engage bollard," "Disengage winch," "Bring to close haul," "Haul in on bollard."

In record time "Romeo" was thousands of feet up, while "Romeo's" eight "Juliets" gazed skyward to see if he was in position to hurl deathward any enemy bomber daring to come low enough to strike his many floating cables.

Denice turned towards me, her sunnied face slightly flushed from the exertion and excitement of seeing her front-line position balloon flying in the late afternoon breeze.

Excellent quarters

"COME over and I'll show you our quarters. They're regulation military huts, and we sleep in double-decker beds with proper army 'biscuits.'"

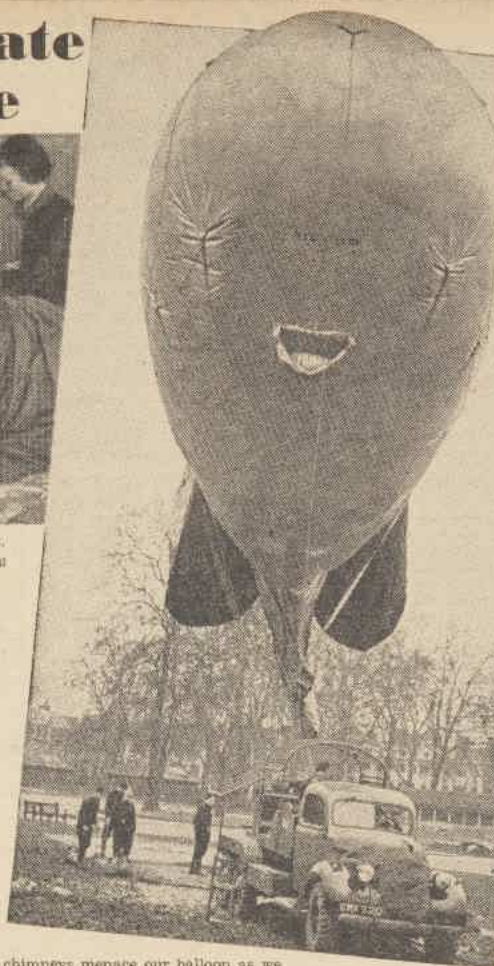
While I looked around the cosy quarters of the balloon company, the boyish-looking crew themselves sauntered in, their hands thrust deep in their blue boiler suit pockets, and their herets sitting trimly on well-groomed hair.

They passed through the entrance where 16 sou'westers were pegged with 16 olekins opposite 16 yellow gas suits and 16 tin hats.

On every bed, neatly piled with biscuit blankets, there were the most attractive Air Force blue suits, with long trousers and bloused shirt cut on the same lines as a battle dress, but known as "aircrew suits."

The formation of the women's balloon crew is the most forward step yet taken by any women's auxiliary service in which girls take over men's frontline jobs.

Balloon crews are relieving R.A.F. men whose efforts and ingenuity have converted the handling of a balloon from a job too strenuous for women into one they can master in a few weeks.



For Baby's bath...

THE PUREST SOAP IN THE WORLD

YOU can look right into the heart of a tablet of Pears—its purity can be seen. That clear transparent colour is typical of its unique qualities. Pears is the perfect soap for baby's delicate skin.



QUICK RELIEF

FROM CONSTIPATION

Here's how you can get prompt, pleasant relief from constipation. To-night, before going to bed, take one or two NYAL FIGSEN tablets. Figen is easy and pleasant to take; no stomach upsets, no gripping pain. In the morning Figen acts—mildly, thoroughly and effectively. Figen is so gentle and natural that, only for the pleasant relief it brings, you would scarcely know you had taken a laxative. Figen is sold by chemists everywhere—1/3d a tin. The next best thing to Nature,

Nyal Figen
FOR CONSTIPATION



This New Discovery
Helps Me to PREVENT Them!

AT HOME AND AT WORK I keep a bottle of Vicks Vapo-Rub. It is made specially for the nose and upper throat—where 3 out of 4 colds begin.

AT THE FIRST SNEEZE, or other sign of "catching cold", I simply put a few drops of Vapo-Rub up each nostril with the handy dropper. That's all... no fuss or bother.

I CAN FEEL a pleasant tingle as the medication spreads swiftly through the hidden passages—raising Nature to fight off infection.

STUFFINESS VANISHES, every breath is cool and clear, no more sneezing. Often the cold ends right there... stopped before it even starts.

Prepared
and guaranteed by
the makers of
Vicks Vapo-Rub

NOSE-COLDS,
CATARRH...
are relieved wonderfully by
Vapo-Rub. It clears the
head, soothes irritation with
amazing speed.



First...

Color in Dress

Then came...

Color in the Home

And now...

"COLOR IN FOOD"

Gloria Ray tells you the secret of making food more interesting and appetizing.

2GB

Mon., Tues., Wed.,
Thurs. 3.15 p.m.

Robin Ordell Bids You

"ROLL BACK
THE CARPET"
and Dance!

2GB Sat. 8.30 p.m.

BUT when Tom emerged he had nothing to say. He thanked the policeman, and said good-night to me, leaving me in complete darkness as to what if anything that short interview had meant.

And presently I heard the heavy sound of the front door and Joe going about his rounds, locking up. In spite of policemen and detectives all about.

It was terribly hot, and dark, and still, with the storm still holding off and not a breath of air stirring anywhere.

And there were many things to think of. But my attempts at thinking were only attempts.

For no matter where I started I always came back to the photograph they had. That horribly conclusive bit of evidence. But, despite its indubitable existence, it still seemed wrong—too grimly apropos. I could credit the fact of Alastair's taking a photograph of the bridge and doing it in full moonlight. I knew Jenny had been on the bridge with Basil. I could not accept the simultaneousness of the two acts.

But I knew why Alastair had kept the thing secret. He would have protected Jenny as long as he could.

It seemed to me, too, that Tom had not told the police of the conversation I had overheard—so full of implications but so empty of fact. And if he had given them the envelope he had taken from Alastair, then I knew nothing of it, and could surmise less both of the letter (if letter it was) and of Tom's purpose. Except that in all probability that letter, whatever it was, was the thing Cynthia had given Alastair.

Well, as Bates had said, there's always to-morrow. And to-morrow there were questions I myself would ask. But I couldn't question away the picture.

And there was no getting round the tremendous convincing power of the eye. What man has seen will ever be more convincing than all the argument in the world he only hears.

The revolver. The opportunity. A motive and a strong one. And now this photograph—as near proof as there could ever be. With what amazing luck had Alastair happened upon that moment and had the quick wit to seize it! And finally there was Jenny's own pitiful lack of defence. "I tried to shoot him. I couldn't."

It was then late. Late and hot and terribly still, and my head was throbbing. It was, I think, because of the aspirin I took that I did at last sleep heavily. So heavily, in that deep, hot silence of the darkened house, that I only roused to the sound of feet pounding heavily past my door.

I sat up and listened. The sounds

Continuing Brief Return from page 4

plunged past my door and down the stairs. And as I sat there all at once I was aware of a faint glow at the windows. I remember clutching at a dressing-gown and running to the window. There wasn't much to be seen, however, except that away behind the garage that glow seemed to enlarge, and men were abouting distantly. Somewhere, then, there was a fire and the men going past the door had been probably the two policemen left on guard. And if so Jenny was alone.

There was no sound now in the house. I went to my door quickly. The light was burning dimly and the hall was empty. Alice's door and the door of the guest-room were both closed and I heard no sound. Behind me beyond the open windows the commotion behind the garage was increasing in volume. Certainly the glow was greater and I thought now I could hear the distant crackling of flames.

I turned my back to the stairway and started towards Jenny's room. And I'd gone perhaps ten feet when there was a small click behind me and the light went out. It plunged me and the whole place into deep, terribly confusing blackness, and somewhere in the blackness was movement. Whoever was there had come up the stairs silently, while my back was turned. Perhaps without seeing me at all.

I shrank against the wall and tried to listen, with the blood pounding so hard in my ears that I could scarcely hear. There was motion; I hadn't been mistaken. I could hear the stealthy, soft pad of feet, coming cautiously, with infinite furtiveness, towards me.

I didn't know what to do. If I screamed, who would hear? Jenny—Alice—Cynthia perhaps, but what could they do? A long roll of thunder came just then and for an agonising few seconds I could neither hear nor sense that stealthy approach. And I remembered the police whistle that Tom had given me. If I could reach that, in my room. I started to edge along the wall in that direction. And suddenly and rather horribly something brushed along my arm, stopped short for a shocked, still instant—and then simply dwindled into the darkness.

I could hear nothing. I could see nothing except that from the opened door of my room came the all-too-distant sounds of shouts and flames and police-whistles. But that was far away. I must have moved along the wall and still there was no sound anywhere. How long it took I don't know, to reach my door—groping for it behind me with my finger-

tips—ready to scream when at last my fingers encountered the casing and open space.

But it seemed to me that whoever, whatever, had been there had gone, vanished into darkness as stealthily and furtively as it had come.

Then quite suddenly a new and very welcome sound caught my ears. Someone closed the front door with a loud bang and there was another sound in the hall below and then light flared up again above the stair well from the switch in the first-floor hall. Light and the hall around me was empty again and surely no one had gone into my room. And there were feet coming boldly and hurriedly up the stairs and it was

Then the lightning was gone, and though I waited for another flash of lightning, when it came the dog was gone.

But though I was listening, too, for any whisper of sound in the hall behind me, Tom surprised me when he came and spoke to me from the doorway.

"Miss Mary—"
I whirled round. "Tom!"
"Is that you—"

"Oh, Tom, I'm so glad you've come!" I cried. "What is it? What's happened? Wait, I'll turn on the lights. What is burning?"

I switched on the bedside lamp and he came in. He looked very queer, extremely pale with his eyes luminous and dark, his hair madly dishevelled; he was in his shirt-sleeves and there was a great rip down one sleeve and his tie was loose.

"Where's Jenny?" he demanded.
"In her room. She's all right. Tom, tell me what on earth—"

"The fire? It's only in the woods. They'll have it out in a minute—unless the rain puts it out first. It's beginning now." He was panting.

"What is it? What's happened?"
"I've found it," said Tom quietly. And then he put one hand in his pocket and drew out a queer, charred little wisp of something. He held it towards me and I looked at it. A burned leather strap, broken and burned away so that there wasn't more than an inch of it left. A small metal buckle. A little irregular pellet of something that looked like lead.

"What—"
"It's the kitten's bell," said Tom. "I found it where I expected to find it."

"You—"
He put it in his pocket again and went to the window.

"The fire engine will be here soon," he said. "You're sure Jenny's all right? Where's Alice?"

"She's in bed. What do you mean? Tom—you can't mean you know—"

"Yes. Yes, I know who murdered Basil. I knew to-night, but I had to prove it. Now it's all clear. But the kitten's bell was a bit of luck. It had been forgotten; it was too trivial a thing beside so many more important things. As trivial to the murderer as it was to you. So I was in luck and I found it when it was destroyed. That was sheer luck, Miss Mary."

"Tom, where have you been?"
He was listening again at the window. Thunder almost drowned the sound of my voice and the rain, from a few big, hot drops, was growing into a torrent.

Animal Antics



"Oh, come now, don't look so serious... it's only a song."

Rodney. Hot, panting, light hair avery and his damp shirt open at the throat.

I nearly collapsed when I saw him.

"Rodney!"
He hurried towards me. "What's the matter?"

"Rodney!" I think I clung to him. "Good heavens, Miss Mary—"

"Someone was here. He's gone now." I gasped.

"Who? Where?—What do you mean?"

"I don't know. He's gone now. He was here in the hall—"

"I thought policemen were to be here all night. Where are they?"

"I don't know. There's a fire—"

"Wood's on fire behind the garage," he said. "Where's Jenny? I've got to see her."

"In her room. They won't let you. They wouldn't let me."

"I'd better see her now, then. Before they get back. It's important. If she can tell me what I want to know—"

"This way, Quick. Oh, Rodney, make her tell you," I almost implored him.

Still Cynthia and Alice did not hear us and inquire. But Alice was always a heavy sleeper.

Jenny, however, was awake and came at once to open the door.

"It's only a small fire," I told her above another crashing roll of thunder.

"Tell Rodney whatever he wants to know, Jenny. Don't hold anything back. You must tell now. Don't try to protect anybody—"

"Watch for them," said Rodney.

The police whistles were growing nearer. I left Rodney and Jenny and ran back to my bedroom windows.

No one, now, was in the hall. Whoever it was who had come so furtively and mysteriously had as furtively vanished. But I found my hand and held it clasped in my hand. The fire was leaping furiously now.

The huge peaked roof of the garage showed black against a rosy glow and I could hear the mingled voices of men.

The storm still held off, but there was lightning now in great, eerie streaks that lit up the surrounding lawns and shrubs and the greenhouse with bright, greenish clearness for an instant and vanished, leaving the prickly and smell of electricity in the air.

And it was then that I saw Hugo. Clearly as a picture in black and white. There was a sharp, bright flash of lightning, the lawn, the greenhouse, all below was as clear and bright as my hand, and the dog was running across the open space of lawn, head down, black and swift as a shadow. But it was

Hugo.

THE glow behind the garage was wider, however, and flames leaped up now and then, so we could see them.

"He was killed," said Tom, "because of jealousy. Basil, I mean. Marion Smith, poor child, because she knew to whom Basil had telephoned. The name of that person would have given a clue to the motive. You must know who did it, Miss Mary—look, there's the fire engine." The sound of the bell was deafening. He said something I couldn't hear at all, and then the bell stopped.

"Hugo was down there," I said. "I saw him in the lightning."

Tom nodded. "Yes, I know. Once to-night, in the woods, I found I was following him. He just appeared. Ahead of me—padding softly—"

There was another great roll of thunder and more rain.

Windows all over the house were open. I thought of it fleetingly and it didn't seem to matter. Well, the roof of the house would soon be soaked and would shed sparks. That's your fear in the country—fire.

"You see," said Tom, "there was a love affair going on at the time of the plane crash. Basil was that kind of man. If he couldn't have one woman he would interest himself in another. And this was, so far as I can see, to everybody's liking—then."

"But when he came back things had changed. It was no longer to everybody's liking. So Basil, immediately, was shot. That photograph, you know, was not accident. It was done purposely, taking advantage of a heaven-sent chance to shift blame for a murder that was quickly but efficiently planned. There was the camera and tripod at hand—brought along for a blind to cover the real purpose of that visit which was an immediate showdown with Basil."

"Perhaps it wasn't, then, a conscious intention to do murder. That came perhaps when Basil was actually seen—there on the bridge—seen, and the fact of his return confirmed, and all at once the overwhelming realisation came that murder was the only way out. That's the only explanation for the lack of a weapon. And there, plain to be seen on the bridge, was proof (if it came to a point where it was needed) that someone else had been with Basil, late, on the bridge."

"The picture was taken—with typical expedition and swiftness of action. And then began an anxious, deadly, swift casting about for a weapon. One that would not betray but would instead divert suspicion."

Please turn to page 32

US KIDS
and now Gentlemen

"... We Kids have our rights. We didn't ask to be born into this generation of war and strife—but here we are! Isn't it up to you to help us over the hurdles which lie ahead? We don't ask much (because we know what you are up against just now); but can't you pay a few shillings a week into a Savings Bank account, so that we have a fair start when we grow up? Surely it isn't too much to ask? Won't you open a Savings Bank account on our behalf next pay-day? We thank you now... and we'll thank you all our lives. Please do it!"

COMMONWEALTH SAVINGS BANK OF AUSTRALIA

Crippled
with
RHEUMATISM

(This is a genuine untouched photograph of the hands of a martyr to rheumatism)

The terrible penalty of neglect. Look at those deformed hands... fingers knotted and swollen... inflamed joints so racked with pain that every movement is torture. That's just how badly rheumatism, if it is neglected, can cripple anyone.

Rheumatism is caused by weak kidneys failing to remove poisons and impurities from the system, especially uric acid which is deposited in the joints. Gradually the deposits of tiny razor-edged uric acid crystals grow until the joints become inflamed, stiff and enlarged—just like the rheumatic hands shown above. No wonder every movement is agony, when sharp uric acid crystals are tearing into tissue and bone.

De Witt's Pills, by restoring weak kidneys to healthy activity, tackle rheumatic troubles at their very root. With kidneys working normally, uric acid is expelled from the system. The swelling disappears and joints become supple again. Your pain ends, because the cause has been removed.

In 24 hours after the first dose De Witt's Pills give you positive proof, from the changed colour of the urine, that they have reached your kidneys—the root of your rheumatic troubles. That is the first and most important step to end crippling rheumatism.

With pain ended, vigour and vitality will return. Then you will soon be feeling and looking years younger.

DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER Pills

Approval No. 173
Specially for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and Kidney Troubles. Obtainable everywhere. Prices (including Sales Tax), 1/10, 3/11 and 6/-.

On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

No ladders? . . .

SADLY wonder what will become of the silkworm and the lamb in not-so-distant future when we can procure ladderless stockings from coal, and five suits of clothes from milk given by one cow per annum!

These are two scientific-facts-of-the-future I learn when visiting Science on Parade exhibit organised by Science Graduates' Fighter Plane Group. On view at Farmer's Blackland Galleries until this Saturday.

Am fascinated by section showing lots we have learned about camouflage from Nature's protection of our animal and bird life. Also by gas-producer unit which fits into boot of car and makes it look B.C. (before charcoal) model.

Committee, working for Australian-built fighter plane gift to R.A.A.F., includes Professor O. U. Vonwiller (patron), Professor W. J. Dakin (president), Mr. A. J. McCarthy, and feminine Science graduates Mrs. Dakin, Beryl Lambie, F. Cohen, Dorothy Roseby, Sheila Walker Jones, and Marjorie Proctor.

School pals rally . . .

NUMBER of former P.L.C., Pymble, students among 40 guests invited to wedding of another "Old Girl," Margaret Hufton, to Sergeant-Pilot Arthur Sharp, at St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street. Include bride's sister-in-law, Mrs. Bill Hufton, Mrs. Bill Hewison, Jean and Helen Milne, Peggy and Norm Buchanan, Helen Ross.

Margaret comes to town from country home, Glen Ayr, Harden, fortnight before wedding-day, to collect trousseau. Chooses periwinkle-blue beaded dinner frock as bridal gown, and corn-gold crepe for auburn-haired sister Joan, who is only bridesmaid.

Did you know? . . .

FAMILY reunion at the George Sayers' Vaulchuse home. The Leslie Vincents and son, Michael (not yet two) flew across from South Australia, the Bill Bishops came down from Scone.

Recently-married Sergeant Keith Downes, R.A.A.F., and Mrs. Downes return from honeymoon and stay with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Blackwell, of Bradley's Head Road, Mosman.

After some weeks in Sydney the Lionel Whitelaws are home again at Merriwa with family of three small daughters, Judy, Penny, and infant Elizabeth.

I like . . .

REVIVAL of "beanie" fashion . . . sponsored by Mrs. Robin McPherson, Mrs. Ernest Watt, Mrs. Lex Albert. So handy these windy days.

White suede orchid which decorates Mrs. Edward Pockley's lapel. And tiny signalling flags worn as lapel motif by Mrs. F. L. Cavaye.

Christenings . . .

PEWTER christening mug has been sent from Malaya to Donald Charles Gibson by his godfather, Capt. Charles Moses, former A.B.C. manager. Donald, infant son of the Hope Gibsons, of Killara, will be christened soon.

Attractive French violinist Jeanne Gautier, who appears this Tuesday at Town Hall Celebrity Concert, has acquired a cat. Christened him Captain Cook because "he likes to go exploring."

That Paris touch . . .

DEFINITE Parisienne air about frocking at "Last Time I Saw Paris" gala night, to aid Free French Forces, Romano's. Mrs. Ronald Colman's black bonnet, tied with bow under chin, takes everyone's eye.

Mrs. Warwick Fairfax, escorted by husband, floats by in corn-gold marquise. Gwen Brown in same party, striking in pillar-box red military cloth coat, full length.

Envious "oohs" heard from nearby femininity when Audrey Jackson passes by in full-length white ermine coat with wide puffed sleeves.

Red - embroidered white sheer blouse of peasant inspiration for Mrs. G. S. Hamparsum . . . sheath black crepe gowns for Mrs. Alec Pitkethley and Mrs. Ian Hawker . . . Mrs. Bob Paterson and Mrs. Francis Graham both in violet crepe dinner gowns, beaded at shoulder-line.

Joyce Vickery, parading in streamlined black-and-white model, looks as elegant as Borzoi she leads as highlight of fashion show.

Three bridesmaids . . .

THREE bridesmaids for Sylvia Keighley when she weds Davis Cup star Adrian Quist . . . Dorothy Williams, with whom she was at finishing school in Switzerland, and two ex-Frensham girls, Noeline Aboud and Brenda Jones, of Port Kembla.

Eight p.m. ceremony at St. Mark's on September 12, to be followed by large reception at Australia. Twenty-one-year-old Sylvia dresses in full bridal array and wears as "something borrowed" diamond pendant which was her father's wedding gift to her mother.

She and Adrian have already taken and furnished lovely flat at South Yarra, overlooking river. Lots of interstate guests coming to Sydney for celebrations.

Coiffure difficulty . . .

NOTICE several who usually step immaculate from limousines at Town Hall steps furtively combing wind-blown coiffures as they hurry up steps for Andersen Tyrer concert. "No petrol for the car and no taxis available, so we hop in the bus," says Mrs. A. W. Keighley.

Petrol shortage apparently has effect on "dressing-up," too, as not nearly so many in evening dress. Noreen Dangar and her mother, Mrs. Hugh Gordon, among those in "day dress," and Mrs. David Maughan, who decorates belt of black frock with newest novelty, Walt Disney Donald Duck.

Lady Jordan and Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones arrive together, warmly wrapped in fur coats . . . Mrs. Lloyd Jones wearing super green-dyed moleskin. Mrs. Stuart Ward fastens orchids at shoulder of sweeping black velvet coat with moire revers.

Lady Gillespie, Rosalind Dangar, Joan Baldock, June Bracken, Mrs. David Roper, Mrs. Jack Cassidy others in audience.

Heard around town . . .

SURPRISE awaits guests invited to cocktail-party, Forum Club, this Tuesday, by the Martin McIlraiths, of Turramurra.



• MRS. LYNN VICKERY (right) watches Lorna Searl "touch up" Union Jack which is centerpiece of effective floral table Lorna arranges for Sydney Hospital table-setting competition, Grace Bros.



• AMERICAN Consul-General Ely Palmer and Madame Alice Brenac at "Last Time I Saw Paris" party, Romano's . . . red-checked tablecloths lend Parisian atmosphere.



• ARMY HOUSE QUEEN Valmae Maher has able military support from Staff-Sergeants H. McRae (left), H. Yates, and L. Gopper planning campaign in Sydney Hospital's Queen of the Flowers competition.



• DINNER HOUR at Romano's. Lady Poynter photographed with her husband, Sir Hugh Poynter.



• PRETTY JANET BONNIN, Adelaide's Red Cross Queen, photographed with Mrs. Keith Bentzen (Mayor's of Unley, S.A.), with whom she is sightseeing here.



• PAT LONGWORTH on voluntary duty stacking cartons ready for Christmas hampers to be sent overseas to fighting forces.



• TEA FOR TWO. Mrs. John McGregor and Tony Rodd, at Prince's, both wearing crisp white trimmings with dark frocks.



• FAIR-HAIRED programme sellers Rose-mund Stephen and Pamela Fuller at Celebrity Orchestral Concert, Town Hall. To aid Mobile Field Kitchen Fund.

WRITERS IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY
JUNE MARSDEN

The sun now moves out of the zodiacal sign Leo into that of Virgo, which has dominance over people born between August 24 and September 23.

MOST Virgoans should find their affairs improving in one way or another during the coming weeks. Consequently they should make every effort to hunt for opportunities for advancement and additional happiness, and turn them to advantage.

Most Virgoans are extremely critical and analytical. These traits bring them plenty of sorrow and trouble in life unless they are extremely well controlled or expressed through proper channels.

For instance, the critical faculty, when unwisely expressed, can make for unpopularity and unhappiness, and develop into plain nagging and whining or undesirable dominance. But if utilised in work as critic, judge, inspector, adviser or buyer, or in scientific research, success and fame can be achieved.

Hence they should make earnest efforts to use their abilities along constructive lines only.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Be cautious on August 19 (early), 20, 25 (possibly), and 26. August 21 can be just fair, and August 22 very fortunate, especially during daylight. Be sure not to waste August 23. Best promotion, gains and desired changes.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Be extremely cautious on August 31 and take no risks on August 22. Seek favors, gains, promotion, and happiness and well-being on August 23 (afternoon). August 24 (after 4 p.m.) fair, but August 25 is doubtful but can prove very fortunate for some Taurians.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): August 20 (after 4 p.m.) can be fair, and August 22 (daylight hours) can prove even better. But be wise and patient on August 23 (morning) and August 24, especially round about midday.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): August 20 (after 4 p.m. only), August 22 (between 11 a.m. and 1 p.m.) fair, but be cautious on August 24 (morning) and 26. August 28 doubtful, no caution advised. August 22 and around midday on August 24 can be mildly helpful.

LEO (July 21 to August 21): Make the most of August 22, especially during daylight. August 20 (after 4 p.m.) can be somewhat helpful, too, and August 25 may offer very worthwhile happiness and general well-being.

VIRGO (August 21 to September 21): Get busy, Virgoans. Your fortunes can improve considerably this week, especially if you understand your chances and make much of them. August 20 (after 4 p.m.), August 22 (daylight hours), August 25 (around noon), and possibly August 26 should present many opportunities, big and little, for gain and happiness.

LIBRA (September 21 to October 21): August 22 (between 7 a.m. and 9 p.m.) can be used to good advantage. So can August 26, when much happiness or pleasure can dominate your affairs. Seek diligently.

SCORPIO (October 21 to November 21): A very mixed week, so observe caution. August 20 can be mildly beneficial after 4 p.m. August 22 is very doubtful. August 25 may produce happiness and opportunities. August 21 poor.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21 to December 21): Don't waste time on August 22, for it's your last chance for a while to seek good fortune and happiness. Between 7 a.m. and 9 p.m. August 20 (after 4 p.m.) should be helpful, too. August 25 can be either definitely good or adverse.

CAPRICORN (December 21 to January 21): Your affairs should improve considerably during the next few weeks. Therefore plan wisely and work diligently. August 22 (daylight hours) should be utilized constructively setting affairs in motion. August 23 (after 8 a.m.) good, especially around noon. August 24 difficult. August 25 doubtful. It can be good or bad, so be cautious.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 21): August 21 can be difficult. August 22 can benefit you considerably or cause you much worry and some loss. Watch conditions with caution. August 23 should bring gains and happiness.

PISCES (February 21 to March 21): Get all important things started or completed on August 20 (after 10 a.m. only, and best after 4 p.m.). August 23 should be used for constructive stimulation, but not for changes. Be cautious on August 23, especially in the morning, and on August 24.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.]
Editor, A.W.W.]

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are working to solve the mystery of the Walking Mummy at the Orient Museum.
DR. WHITE: The Director, and father of **SONNY:** Is anxious to help them, but their efforts are scorned by **DR. BENDAR:** Assistant curator. While at the museum with Dr. White and Sonny, Man-

drake gets into the mummy case after having removed the mummy, but when the others call him they find that he has disappeared.

Dr. White hurries to find assistance, and while he is away Sonny sees the Walking Mummy coming towards her. She collapses as Mandrake rushes to her rescue, and the "mummy" escapes. NOW READ ON.



THAT MUMMY IS MIS-NAMED. HE SHOULD BE CALLED THE GALLOPING MUMMY!



Hmm-- THIS IS THE END OF THE HALL--THAT MUMMY HAS A WAY OF VANISHING INTO THIN AIR.



I'D BETTER GET BACK TO SONNY -- POOR CHILD--



MANDRAKE-- THAT MUMMY-- MANDRAKE! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING -- DON'T BE AFRAID. YOU'RE ALL RIGHT NOW.



DID YOU SEE THE WALKING MUMMY, MANDRAKE?

I HAD A GLIMPSE OF HIM, SONNY.



BUT--YOU DISAPPEARED IN THIS MUMMY CASE-- WHERE DID YOU GO?

I'M GOING TO EXPLAIN THAT. THIS MUMMY CASE HAS A FALSE BACK.



THERE'S A CORRIDOR BEHIND. I STARTED TO EXPLORE IT, WHEN I HEARD YOU SCREAM.

BUT WHY SHOULD THE CASE HAVE A FALSE BACK. WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?



I'LL GO INTO THE MUMMY CASE AND SEE WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE. I THINK WE'RE NEAR THE SOLUTION OF THIS MYSTERY.



I'M NOT TO BE LEFT ALONE ANYMORE. I'M GOING WITH YOU.



I'LL GO IN FIRST TO SEE IF THE COAST IS CLEAR.



MANDRAKE! LOOK!

SONNY SUDDENLY CRIES A WARNING -- MANDRAKE SNATCHES THE CAMERA FROM HER--



-- AND HURLS IT AT THE PISTOL AIMED AT THEM FROM THE IDOL!



WHAT-- HAPPENED?

Hmm-- PANEL IS CLOSED. THIS IDOL MUST BE HOLLOW.



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

AND AT THAT MOMENT, DR. BENDAR, ASSISTANT CURATOR OF THE MUSEUM, APPROACHES... TO BE CONTINUED

MANDRAKE BOOK No. 2 On sale at all newsagents Price 6d.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, August 20—

Mr. Edwards and Goodie

Reeve—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, August 21—

Goodie Reeve in Tales from the Talkies.

FRIDAY, August 22—

"Musical Alphabet."

SATURDAY, August 23—

Goodie Reeve presents

"Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, August 24—

Highlights from Opera.

MONDAY, August 25—With the A.F. Overseas.

TUESDAY, August 26—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody and Thought.

R

AIN beat upon my face. Somewhere off in the distance whistles were blowing. And when I reached the front door, drenched and gasping for breath and sobbing, more police were there, too; running, shouting, dripping water all over the hall rugs.

Somebody shoved me out of the way. Wet blue figures crowded the stairway. I followed the last one.

Cynthia was in the hall, and Alice. It was Alice screaming. I think they flew at me with questions. Joe was there, too. And Tom all at once came from a ring of policemen at Jenny's door and had Jenny in his arms.

He took Jenny to my room. He put her on the bed and knelt down by her.

"She's not hurt," he said to me. "He only questioned her. She said she knew nothing."

"Tom," whispered Jenny, trem-

bling, and put her arms round him.

He bent over her, holding her tight.

"Have they got him?" I cried.

"Yes," said Tom. "You're safe, Jenny. It's all over."

"And it was Rodney? Did he confess?"

"He did better than that," said Tom grimly.

I preferred not to think what his words implied.

"But it couldn't have been Rodney," I said. "The murderer came into this house the night Rodney was in prison. Under arrest."

Tom shook his head. "That was Alastair. Scared. Looking for something to hold over Cynthia after her threats. Jenny—let him in. I made her tell me to-night. He told Jenny that Alice had sent him for some letters she must have. Alice had told him where Basil's letters and papers had been stored."

Brief Return

Continued from page 32

"Cynthia was afraid—"

"She was afraid," said Tom. "And she would have been our best witness. Our only witness. But now there'll be no trial."

"But why did he kill Alastair? Is there proof?"

"Because Alastair saw the photograph, of course. Cynthia must have admitted that she gave it to Alastair—thinking perhaps to ensure her own safety. There will be proof. He had a gun to-night and we've got the bullet that killed Alastair."

"But Walters—"

It was exactly then that Walters and Bates came into the room. Bates natty in orange-striped pyjamas and Walters soaked to the skin and dripping.

"You got him, Tom," said Walters.

"The fire," I cried. "Is it—"

"It's out," said Walters. "He

started it. Rodney. To draw

attention from the house. What

did you do to-night, Tom?"

"Nothing much. Went to Rodney and told him they were looking for the kitten's bell. Pretended to leave. Watched him. He luckily still had the bell. He burned it and left the house. I retrieved what was left of the bell from the fireplace, followed Rodney. Lost him in the woods. Knew he was coming here. That's all."

The rain beat against the window. And off somewhere towards the kennels arose a long, deep-throated howl. It wasn't exactly a bark. It wasn't a wail.

Jenny looked at me, her eyes widening. Tom said: "It's only Hugo, come back."

"But—why? Where has he been?"

Nobody knew.

It was the next day before we got the thing straightened out. The rest of the night we talked, reconstructing, checking small points, proving where we could prove, surmising where we could only surmise but even that little surmise was so clear and definite it needed little proof.

The only thing, however, we could but surmise was Marion Smith's effort to talk to Jenny. I think she was afraid to tell the police what she knew, but would have told Jenny—another girl whom perhaps she had seen and admired. Clearly she had known both the danger and importance of that telephone call she had taken.

Cynthia, however, knew the whole and full truth of the murder and confessed it. Tom had been right at every point.

CYNTHIA was quite cool and tearless, her face and eyes hard.

"He knew Basil used to like me," she said rather defiantly. "He didn't care—then. It's only lately that he has seemed jealous of me. If I expect it sounds queer: We've been married for so long—but it was as if all at once he fell in love with me."

"That night he heard me talking to Basil over the telephone. For he came to me and he—he had his camera and tripod and said he was going out to get some pictures in the moonlight. He said he might be very late. He—he looked so queer. I think he intended murder even then—whether he knew he intended it or not. He hated Basil and I—I had told him once, lately, that if Basil were alive I'd leave him—Rodney. We'd been quarrelling," she said dully. "He was, lately, jealous and suspicious. Horribly."

But there was one thing she didn't know.

It was five, and a grey, wet morning before Joe made coffee for us, and at last the police left.

But later Tom came back. For they'd found where Rodney had kept Hugo tied in the daytime—in the woods behind his house.

For Hugo, that night Basil was shot, had followed Rodney home. Had followed him home and had insisted on staying there. Rodney—cold enough where humans were concerned—had not killed the dog. Had been afraid perhaps that the body would be found on his place. Had hoped the dog would return home. But Hugo hadn't, except briefly.

Once, even, he must have tried to bring the dog back and tie him up. But either I had frightened him away or the dog had worked himself loose, leaving a frayed rope. So Tom said. But I frankly found it difficult to believe.

"Hugo was never like other dogs. I didn't dream he was so strongly attached to Basil. It's queer," I said. "what a dog's devotion will lead to." "Devotion!" said Tom, and shook his head. "It wasn't devotion. Not to Basil, at least. It was to Rodney. The dog hated Basil—where's Jenny?"

She was in the garden. I told him and watched him go to find her. I was still watching when he met her, and there among the roses (sunny now and bright, but heavy with rain) quite simply and I think wordlessly he took her in his arms and held her there a long time.

After a while I went into the house. (Copyright)

'CALIFIG' WILL GIVE £400 for KIDDIES' PHOTOGRAPHS!

FIRST PRIZE
£100
DOUBLED
IF YOU SEND LARGE
CARTON (see clause 2)



GEORGE WRIGHT



JOHN CHATTERTON



JEAN BUTI

FOUR TYPICAL ENTRIES.

LEND US YOUR CHILD'S PHOTO

111 CASH PRIZES TO BE WON

Your little boy or girl has plenty of chances of a prize in this unique Contest. In addition to the big First Prize, there are ten other prizes of £10— and 100 War Savings Certificates at £1 each. Why not win fame and a substantial cash prize for YOUR child?

FREE PHOTOS—SPECIAL OFFER!

If you have no suitable photo at home, "Califig" has arranged for one to be taken FREE. Take the front portion of a "Califig" carton to PARAGONET STUDIOS (address in Phone Book), in Sydney, Newcastle, Parramatta, Wollongong, Tamworth, Wagga, Albury, Cessnock, or to NORTON TREVAIRE STUDIOS in Brisbane, Townsville or Rockhampton, and a studio portrait will be taken of your child at no cost whatsoever to you.

METHOD OF POSTING

THIS MUST BE STRICTLY OBSERVED. Cut out coupon and sign it. Paste or pin coupon on back of photo. Then write clearly on back of photo the child's name and address, age last birthday and approximate age when photo was taken. Put a 2d. stamp on front portion of "Califig" carton (see illustration of carton) and place it with photo in envelope. If you tick in flap of envelope and do not seal, you can send 2 ass. for 1d. or 4 ass. for 2d. If no envelope of right size is available, use brown paper and thin string for packing photo.

"Califig" is obtainable at all Chemists and Stores. 1/6 and 2/10 a bottle.

What you have to do—

CHILDREN UP TO 14 YEARS OF AGE ELIGIBLE IF PHOTO TAKEN BEFORE 11th BIRTHDAY

Clause 1. Simply send in a studio photo, snapshot or street photo of any living child taken during the period when he or she was under 11 years of age. Photos must be unframed and not larger than 10" x 8" in size. Entries will be accepted of children who are at present under 14 years of age, provided the photo was taken before the child's 11th birthday.

"CALIFIG" CARTON TO BE ENCLOSED

Clause 2. Each entry must be accompanied by the cardboard front of a "Califig" carton. Either large or small size is acceptable, but the FIRST PRIZE of £100 will be DOUBLED and made £200 should the winning entry be accompanied by the front of a LARGE SIZE carton. (The Judges will be given no indication as to whether carton front was large or small.)

CARTON FRONT MUST BE ENCLOSED

LIST OF PRIZES

1st Prize: £100 or £200

(See Clause 2).

10 PRIZES AT £10 EACH

(one for each year) for the ten separate age groups between 1 year (or under) and 11 years.

100 £1 WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

for the 100 children next in order of merit. The above prizes will be paid to parents or guardians submitting the photos which the judges consider most representative of average young Australians and most suitable for "Califig" publicity purposes. No child can win more than one prize.

CLOSING DATE

This "Califig" Contest closes on September 22, and will be finally judged on September 26 by Dame Enid Lyons, G.B.E., and representatives from the "Australian Women's Weekly" and the Melbourne "Argus". Main prizewinners will be notified by wire on September 27, and detailed official results will be posted to ALL competitors immediately after the judging. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with this contest. All photos, excepting prizewinners, will be returned, but 2d. stamp must be enclosed with entry.



DAME ENID LYONS

G.B.E.

beloved of all Australians and the nation's most famous mother, has graciously consented to judge the entries.

CALIFIG

CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS

To Dame Enid Lyons, G.B.E., Califig Contest, Box 3679-SS, G.P.O., Sydney.

Herewith is my child's entry to the "Califig" Contest with the front of a large/small carton of "Califig" and a 2d. stamp for returning photo, result slips, etc. I agree to accept the decision of the judges as final and legally binding, and if my child is a prize winner I agree to allow the photo to be used by "Califig" for publicity purposes should it be desired.

SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN

G2311

The Australian Women's Weekly

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.

Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

ANXIOUSLY

Jane said: "But we are going over to the Hobsons' for tea-dinner on Saturday, and it will look as if we're doing well if I have a new dress. Alison and Joan have seen everything I've got."

Peter didn't want to let the argument go as that. But he did. And even as he did he had a vague premonition that it was the beginning of trouble.

As if to prove the accuracy of premonitions, Mr. Reeves telephoned Peter a week later. "Barnes, I want to see you in my office to-morrow morning."

"I'm sorry, sir, I'm working, and I can't get there and back in the lunch hour."

"All right. Come after work." And the telephone was dead.

When Peter got back to the flat the next night he walked into the tiny kitchen where Jane was getting supper. "Jane, I'm going to ask you a straight question, and if you lie to me and I find out it'll be the end. Did you ask your father to give me a job at his works?"

"A job? Of course not," Jane's eyes widened. "You mean—"

"Did you suggest it to your mother?"

"No!" She took hold of Peter's coat. "Oh, darling. You mean dad's decided he's not angry?"

Peter rubbed his hand over his face. "I wouldn't put it quite as strongly as that. He's offered me a job. I don't quite know what it is, but the salary will be better than I'm getting. And he made it quite clear he's not doing it for me. He's doing it because he can't afford to have people talking about the way his daughter is living!"

Peter waited. Then Jane said, "Peter—you didn't turn it down, did you?"

He looked at her searchingly a long time before he answered. "I haven't given him my final answer," he said. "I can ring him up to-morrow and tell him I'll take it."

When Peter rang up his father-in-law the next day he made one condition. "I don't want to be treated any differently from your other employees just because I happen to be Jane's husband."

"You won't be!" Henry Reeves assured him.

Besides being a man of his word, Mr. Reeves was a master of understatement. From his first day at the factory it was obvious to Peter that the foreman had had his instructions. Peter worked harder than he ever worked before.

The strain began to show on him. Jane said there was no sense in his overdoing it, and why didn't he stand up for his rights.

"I won't give up even if your father cuts my salary in half," said Peter. "I'm going to show I can take it even if it kills me."

Jane, he noticed, was somehow different and happier. Peter supposed

Peter is with Dad

Continued from page 5

that it was because she had a little more money to play with. Or was it because she could now say to her girl friends, "Oh, yes—Peter is with dad?"

"Peter is with dad." With Henry Reeves, who employed thousands of men and women in various parts of the country. Henry Reeves, who was opening up new factories for war materials. Henry Reeves, who was chairman of half a dozen companies, and on the board of many more.

Then one evening when Peter came home dead tired, Jane seemed more pleased with life than usual. "Peter, I've got something to tell you," she said, planting a kiss on his chin.

"Break it gently, darling."

"Mother and dad are going to live nearer the new factory in the north. They're taking a house for six months, and most of the servants will go with them, so they want us to live at home."

"Now, look here, Jane—" Peter began.

"Darling, don't get so cross. Dad doesn't like to leave it empty for the summer."

"He can hire a housekeeper. We can't afford to live in a place that size."

"Silly. Dad would have to pay for the upkeep. He'd have to do that anyhow."

Peter shook his head.

"Peter Barnes. That's silly. You might think of something besides your pride. Do you realize how many times we've been out to dinner and never asked them back? Business friends of yours as much as mine. And heaven only knows how many teas I have to repay. It simply can't be done in this match-box. And anyway, the flat needs doing up and it can be done while we are away."

Of course they moved to the Reeves' house. Peter consented, with the provision that they contributed at least the rent they had paid out each week for the flat.

THE summer went swiftly, and Peter found himself more tired than before it began. The last week in August he caught influenza, and the doctor ordered him to stay in bed for at least two weeks. And that was where he lay abashedly when Mr. and Mrs. Reeves came down to visit them.

Mr. Reeves came into the room looking as energetic as ever. "Sorry you're laid up. Taylor tells me you're doing well at the works." He got as far as the door and turned. "Doesn't pay to fool with flu, you know. Saves more time in the end by staying in bed and getting rid of it." With that he left, leaving Peter with the thought that perhaps he was human after all.

A few days later Jane told him that her father wanted them to stay on at least until Christmas.

"And if you want to," she went on quickly, "you can pay dad more rent and we'll see if we can economise on some of the staff. The point is you're working too hard and you don't get out enough. Dad insists on it, Peter, and when he wants to be nice to us I don't see the point of throwing it back in his face."

Peter let a slow smile cross his face. "You're quite certain it's only your father who insists on this?"

"Well, I'm not looking forward to going back to the flat."

"Then it isn't my health you're worrying about?"

She kissed him. "Of course it is. But you wouldn't listen to that argument. I thought you'd do it quicker for me."

"All right," said Peter. "We'll see how it works." Influenza leaves you weak, and you can't argue when you've had it for three weeks.

When Peter got back to the works he found that he'd been moved from Taylor's department with its greasy machinery, and was to have a desk in the office, with the office manager, who seemed to be a nice type of man with a sense of humor. "Glad to have you, Barnes. We need somebody like you," was his greeting, and Peter felt it was not because he was the boss' son-in-law.

When he'd been back a week Mr. Reeves sent for him again.

"How are you feeling this week?"

"Quite recovered, sir."

"I've changed your work because your health doesn't seem to be up to the other job," Reeves went on. "If we find you can handle the job in the office under Watson's supervision there will be an increase in salary. By the way, Barnes, I'd like to give Jane a little present. I

thought her dress allowance back again would be best."

Peter felt rooted to the ground. "I'd rather you didn't."

"May I ask why?"

"I'm anxious that Jane and I should make our own way as much as possible. You made it very clear when we married, sir, that you wanted nothing more to do with us. I'm glad you feel differently, and Mrs. Reeves, but I promised myself that I'd stand entirely on my own feet, and support Jane myself."

"That's all very romantic, Barnes, but after all Jane is my daughter. Her mother and I want her to—"

He stopped, then began all over again, very forcibly. "I shall write to the bank to-day. That's final."

There were other and more subtle increases in their whole way of living. Peter got a substantial rise in salary, and he had a suspicion that he was getting more than others doing the same work. Watson, his manager, started to ask him out to lunch so that he need not go to the canteen as he did before.

Growing a little crafty, he did not mention his increased salary to Jane. If she knew of it, she would be unable to resist asking about it. And if it wasn't a put-up job, then he could quietly save some money—against the time when he could be really independent of Henry Reeves' whims.

Peter began to notice as time went on that their meals, even when they were alone, were growing more and more lavish.

Jane had always handled the household accounts, but one evening he walked into the kitchen, and asked to see the weekly books. He looked through them with a growing

anger and dismay. The money they were spending on food each week was far more than his increased salary. Furious, he threw the books on to the table and went to find Jane.

"Have you been getting a household allowance as well, from your father?"

Jane looked up at him like a surprised child. "Not exactly, darling. I can draw on the bank for any incidental expenses, more to keep the place up than anything else. Our expenses here are bound to be a little heavier than when we were at the flat. Dad quite understands that."

Peter was silent for one white, angry moment. Then he said, "Jane, we're getting out of this house!"

Jane looked at him coolly, and he thought he saw something of that steel-blue that he had caught once in the eyes of her father. "I've been expecting you to blow up sooner or later. It wouldn't be you if you didn't. But let's be sensible. If dad wants to help us why not let him? He knows now you did not marry me for his money. I always knew it. If he's convinced, why should you worry any more about everybody else?"

"I'm not worrying about everybody else," said Peter evenly. "I'm worrying about myself. A man has to live with himself, you know, as well as with his wife."

"If you had this," Jane indicated "this" with a negligent wave of her hand, "and I married you, I'd take it as a matter of course, because I'm a woman. Why can't men do the same?"

Please turn to page 36

Lace Applique



JEAN DESSES glamorises a simple shirtwaist frock in white silk muslin with a lavish applique trim of heavy black lace.

PETER'S COLD WAS GONE ON THURSDAY

... So I Went to the Luncheon After All!



TUESDAY, I phoned Elsie. "Peter is home from school with a cold. You know how his colds hang on. I'll miss the club lunch on Thursday."



"LISTEN,"

said Elsie, who is a nurse. "You need to fight a cold in three places at once—in the nose, throat, and chest. Then it goes fast. How do you do it? Why, just get a jar of Vicks VapoRub. Rub it on your throat, chest, and back. Now, do try it!"



SO, AT BEDTIME, I gave Peter a rub with VapoRub. His breathing grew easier as he inhaled the vapours. His cough was relieved. And he said his chest felt warm and comfy.



HE SLEPT like a log, undisturbed all night. And VapoRub's vapour and poultice actions must have gone on working, for he woke next morning feeling wonderfully better!



ON THURSDAY, off he went to school. I was certainly thankful for VapoRub. It saved him days of misery, and days of school absence. And I got to that luncheon after all!

Colds Go Faster When You Fight Them in Nose, Throat, and Chest ALL at Once

Every cold puts nose, throat, and chest in danger—often all three are in trouble. So take no chances! Without any fussing, without any risk of stomach upset, you can bring help to nose, throat, and chest all at the same time—by simply rubbing on VapoRub.

1. MEDICATED VAPOURS, released by the body warmth, are breathed in straight

to the irritated membranes—which only vapours can reach direct. They soothe irritation, loosen phlegm, relieve coughing, ease breathing.

2. LIKE A POULTICE, VapoRub works on the skin, "drawing out" tightness and pain. It is this double action that so quickly brings comfort and, working for hours, breaks up most colds overnight.



OVER 26 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY IN 71 COUNTRIES

Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Pains in Back, Nervousness, Dizziness, Cerebral Palsy, Leg Pains, Poor Appetite and Energy, Puffy Ankles, Burning, Smarting Passages, or have frequently to Get Up Nights, etc., you would know that your system is being poisoned because germs, acids and wastes are impairing the vital functioning process of your kidneys. Take care! Ordinary medicine can't help you and you must stop these troubles by removing the cause with Cystex which starts benefit in 2 hours and is offered on generous terms—No Benefit—No Pay. Cystex—the doctor's prescription—is approved by doctors and chemists in 71 countries, and over 100,000 people have written to say how pleased they are to have found the right medicine for their troubles.

One-time Sufferers Praise This Medicine
Mr. H. T. Townsley, Queensland, recently wrote: "My joints were all stiff, I had leg pains, my back ached to ache day and night. My bladder was weak. I had headaches and an appetite. The first dose of Cystex helped me and before I finished three boxes my health and strength came back."

Mrs. M. L. Z., (Thompson Estate, Brisbane) wrote: "I have been taking Cystex for Kidney and Bladder trouble and it has made a different woman of me. I am feeling splendid, can do all my work, run about and walk miles although I am 65 years of age. Cystex does all you desire for it."

Cystex Helps Nature's 3 Ways
State-of-the-art health-destroying, deadly poisons, acids, hinder and urinary system. Helps nature to eliminate and excrete poisons and acids, and protect against further attack.

Guaranteed to Put You Right or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, in 24 hours and to be completely well in 1 week or your money back! Now in 3 sizes—1/10, 1/2, 1/4

This is a GUARANTEED Remedy for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

End the misery of Itching Ugly COLD SORES



Rexona Ointment contains SIX healing medicaments which make it the perfect remedy for all skin troubles.



O.16.22

YOUTHFULNESS REGAINED

Do you feel you are growing old before your time? The symptoms are mental and physical fatigue, lack of "pep," an inclination to "let things slide." Then take WINCARNIS, the quick action tonic. Blended of choice wines containing nourishing extracts and essential vitamins, WINCARNIS benefits the brain, heart and nerves from the very first glass. Over 25,000 recommendations from medical men testify to its restorative qualities. Get a bottle of WINCARNIS to-day from your chemist and start regaining your youthful vitality.

CONSTANCE

smiled and whispered something. "Hmmm," shrugged Joy, "that's a silly reason. Now give me the recipe quickly."

"Sorry, but I told you I couldn't give you the recipes." "Oh, confound!" groaned Joy. "Cooks! Recipes! Bats in the belfry!"

Constance had the sweet and coffee all ready on a tray and Joy took them in.

"This, my fine friend," she informed Mike, just getting the words in before he asked his question, "is meringue Maurice, a marvellous old recipe that's been in my family for generations, and I've sworn never to give the recipe to anyone."

"All right, all right," Mike grinned. "But I can admire it, can't I?"

"Yes, darling, you can even eat it. But it won't do you any good to covet the recipe."

This time Mike took three bites before he spoke. Then his eyes rolled heavenward ecstatically.

"Umm-mm!" he sang. "A toasted cloud! An angel's kiss! Woman, you're a cook!"

"It's really nothing," said Joy modestly. "Oh, by the way, I've just remembered about 'Fish Montaigne.' I've always thought it was so sweet that Michel de Montaigne's parents used to have him awakened by soft music. Imagine such psychology as long ago as the sixteenth century. Well, anyway, I thought Fish Montaigne was a dish he would have liked, because it really ought to be eaten to music."

Constance could see through the crack that by the somewhat dazed look on Mike's brown face this was a new Joy Haddon to him.

Constance was having a marvellous time and when she saw Mike accept his third helping of the sweet she felt positively triumphant.

Finally dinner was over and Joy cleared the table and went out into the kitchen.

"He thinks I'm a divine cook," she whispered. "If I don't get him, it isn't your fault."

She left Constance washing-up and went back to Mike.

Constance took her time. When she left here she'd only have her dreary hotel room and bed. Besides, there was something, well—exciting—about the rise and fall of Mike's voice in the next room.

The doorbell rang and Joy had a long conversation over the house phone.

"No, you can't come up," she kept repeating.

Mike was thirsty, after the fish, so he came out into the kitchen for a drink while Joy was talking.

Dinner for Three

Continued from page 6

Mike said, "Good night," over his shoulder as he followed Joy into the next room.

In the next two weeks Constance received several commissions to cook her delectable Get-Your-Man dinner. But she didn't enjoy any of them as much as she had the one she cooked for Joy Haddon and the man named Mike. And everywhere she went she found herself watching for Mike's gay grin.

To get away from her hotel room she combed London for cheap amusements. She became a constant visitor at art galleries.

One day at a picture gallery she bent down in front of an exquisite seascape to see the name of the artist. But instead of a name, down in the lower right-hand corner there was a tiny bird with long legs. She was trying to work out what it meant when a voice said in her ear:

"It's a crane." She straightened suddenly and looked up into the twinkling brown eyes of the man named Mike.

"It's all right if you feel like that about it. I don't, that's all."

Jane's eyes never moved. He was sure now they were like her father's. "What do you mean by that, Peter?"

"I mean I'm going back to the flat."

"And that I may come along if I wish?"

He nodded.

"You mean to say, then, that you want me to give up everything even though dad has no one else to give it to?"

"Put it any way you like, Peter said, 'I was taught to be independent.' He hesitated just for a fraction of a second, but there was no need. Those blue eyes were not changing. She was like Henry Reeves; he should have known it. He had seen the resemblance the day he told her father they were married.

Like a man in a dream he went down the drive and waited for a bus. He did not remember the journey. He did not remember anything until he was back in the flat.

The next morning he telephoned his resignation to Mr. Watson and set about finding a new job.

Occasionally he saw her name in the local papers. She had been on this committee and that, opened a sale of work in aid of a wartime fund. There'd been a little photo-

graph of her making her speech; there was a smile on her face, as if she had quite forgotten him, and he had felt ill at the thought.

Then for weeks, and months, he did not see her name at all. One day he met Cora the parlormaid, in town on her day off, and he casually asked how Jane was. "Oh, Mrs. Barnes is away. The house is practically closed."

He kept waiting to hear news of her return, but there was never a word of it. He found another temporary job, but it wasn't very much, and he seemed to have lost interest in everything except the one fact that he had lost Jane, and she didn't care.

Peter came home from work very late one night to find his calling-up papers waiting on the mat. He had just digested the news when there was a knock at his door. It was the caretaker of the flats. Would he ring the Cottage Hospital as soon as he came in?

THINKING that his father must have been taken ill or had been run down in the blackout he dashed to the telephone. "Mr. Barnes? This is the Cottage Hospital. Please come over right away. Mrs. Barnes is here!"

Jane in hospital. Must have had a motor smash driving herself. He ran for quite a long way before it occurred to him to get a taxi. By then he was not very far from the hospital, so he kept on running. In the reception hall he gasped. "Mrs. Peter Barnes—where is she?" His heart was pounding.

"Eighty-six," said the receptionist, after confirming it on the switchboard, "but the maternity wing is the new building next door."

He was out of the door and racing towards the new white building adjoining before the words took shape in his mind. "Eighty-six. Maternity wing!"

He found the neat chromium numeral 86 on a door and pushed it open—and into a screen which crashed to the floor.

"Peter! Peter, you'll have to be quiet." The voice was weak—so weak—but it was Jane's. In the dim light her face was scarcely distinguishable from the pillow.

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Dinner for Three

Continued from page 36

A GROUP of people coming in for dinner crowded past them, and Constance was amazed to see that it was dark outside.

"Oh!" she said. "I had no idea it was so late. I must go."

As they went outside Mike said, "I'll take you home."

Constance saw a bus stopping. She ran towards it quickly, calling back: "Here's my bus now! Thanks for the tea—and everything."

As the bus rattled away she looked back and saw Mike still standing on the corner, like a bewildered small boy.

Sitting in the bus she was saying to herself, "I simply had to get away. He's so sweet—one minute more and I'd have made a date with him. And he belongs to Joy Haddon. That—was part of the bargain."

A few days later Constance was booked to cook a dinner for Barbara Britton, a startling young artist with nasturtium-red hair and green eyes. At her studio she told Constance that she considered cooking a waste of time, but that a friend of hers thought a woman's place was in the home and she was willing to pretend she could cook—until she got him.

At seven o'clock Miss Britton's guest arrived. The studio was so large that Constance, in the kitchen, heard only the murmur of their voices until they sat down at the table, which was placed near the kitchen door. But while they were eating she heard a deep masculine voice ask, "Babs, what is this marvellous salad?"

And then Constance almost fainted, because the voice was Mike's.

The cello-like voice of Miss Britton replied, "I call it Green Goddess. It is rather nice, isn't it?"

Constance wanted to run away as fast as she could. Instead, she peeped through a crack in the kitchen door and saw Mike's brown smiling face, and knew she had to stay.

With the entrée Mike said speculatively, "You know, Babs, I always had the idea you thought cooking was a waste of time."

"But, Michael, when you seemed to find so much fun in cooking I thought there must be something in it. So for months now I've been practising in secret. Do you think I shall ever be as good as you?"

"It looks," Mike admitted, "as though you're better already. This fish now—what did you call it?"

"Fish Montaigne. It's a dish I made up myself."

"You made it up?" Mike was silent for a moment and then asked, "And why do you call it Fish Montaigne?"

Constance held her breath. Like an utter fool she'd told Miss Britton

before how this came to be named. And now Miss Britton told the story of how she'd always adored Montaigne and how his parents used to wake him with soft music and so forth.

"Very appropriate," said Mike, a little grimly. Then: "By the way, do you remember my Eggs Robinson Crusoe? I'll swap the recipe for this fish one."

"I'll think it over," Miss Britton compromised hastily. And when she went out to get the sweet she said to Constance: "Please hurry up and write out that fish recipe for me."

Constance reminded her that it was part of the agreement that she shouldn't give away her recipes. Miss Britton took the sweet and went back to Mike with an angry flush on her cheeks.

Mike opened his mouth to speak.

Miss Britton said hurriedly: "This is meringue Maurice. And you can't have the recipe. And I'm not going to give you the Fish Montaigne. At least not now. I think recipes should be kept in the family."

Mike ate his way through a good third of the meringue. Then Barbara said, "Let's have coffee by the fire and I'll show you some illustrations I'm doing."

The telephone rang just as Barbara Britton was holding up one of her illustrations for Mike's approval.

She swept over to the phone in her rustling jade-green house-coat and a scrap of paper fluttered from the phone table to the floor. Mike picked it up, glanced at it idly. Then a great light seemed to break over his brown face.

While Barbara was talking Mike suddenly walked into the kitchen. Babs saw him go and her green eyes flared. She said hurriedly to the mouthpiece: "Ring me to-morrow," and hung up.

She got to the kitchen just in time to hear Mike say, "Could I trouble you for a drink of water?" But she didn't see Mike wink at Constance because his back was towards her.

"Michael," ordered Barbara, tugging possessively at his elbow, "come here. I haven't shown you the best picture yet."

Mike flashed a grin over his shoulder at Constance as he let Barbara lead him away.

As soon as the door shut behind them, Constance put on her hat and hurried out of the back door.

Business was picking up. Only three days after the Britton fiasco, as Constance now thought of it, a Mr. Grue phoned to inquire about her Get Your Man dinner. He asked

if she thought her dinner would get him a woman?

"I can't guarantee that," Constance said, "but it's worth trying."

"Well, what does your dinner consist of?"

Constance told him. "My mouth's watering already," declared Mr. Grue. "Sold—one dinner. Shall we say Saturday night?"

Constance said that would be satisfactory and he gave her his address.

On Saturday morning, when Constance rang the bell at the address Mr. Grue had given her, a neat manservant let her in. He gave her money for shopping, said "The master said three for dinner at seven," and then left her.

"Three's a crowd," Constance thought. She found the kitchen and then went out to do the shopping.

By seven o'clock that evening the table was laid, the fire was crackling merrily and dinner was ready to serve.

Constance was beginning to wonder if Mr. Grue would ever appear when she heard voices and laughter. And then someone came into the kitchen.

Constance was looking in the oven. At the sound of the footsteps she shut the oven door and turned round. Then she dropped the fork she'd been holding.

"The world's a small place, isn't it?" Mike Crane remarked, reaching out and shaking her limp hand.

"Wh-what are you doing here?" "Oh, this is my flat! Don't you remember I phoned and you said you'd come and cook—"

"But you said your name was Grue, you li—"

He grinned down at her. "Not really. Grue's French for Crane. And I disguised my voice so that you wouldn't recognise it. You and your washing-up! When I accidentally found that advertisement about the delectable Get Your Man dinner at Babs' flat and then when I found you in the kitchen, I put two and two together and it added up to you."

POLITE feminine laughter gushed in the next room.

"Well," Mike said, "I suppose I'd better produce the dinner."

"I suppose you'd better," Constance agreed, still in a daze.

Mike took in the salad. There was much pushing up of chairs and gay laughter and then Constance heard a voice say, "Mike, this table's adorable."

That voice! Constance found herself staring through the little glass pane in the swinging door and saw Mike at the table—flanked by Barbara Britton on one side and on the other by Joy Haddon!

Was this Mike's idea of a joke? Or had he asked these two together just to decide which he was going to marry?

He was mixing and serving the salad now. "Try the cheese straws," he murmured.

Both girls were looking puzzled, stealing surreptitious glances at Mike. Each managed to restrain herself for the moment, however, and ate her salad in a spirit of watchful waiting. But a few minutes later when Mike brought in the entrée with a flourish, the bomb exploded. Each girl took one look and exclaimed simultaneously, "Mike, you stole my Fish Montaigne recipe!" And then they stared blankly at each other, each knowing for certain now that the other had already given him this identical dinner.

Mike answered them jointly. "Impossible," he denied. "This is a little thing I invented myself. I call it Fish Montaigne because it seems as though it should be eaten to music. Don't you remember how Montaigne's parents always awakened him with soft music?"

It was too much for Constance. She fled back to her cooking. But there was such a strained silence in the next room now that she suspected that only Mike was eating, an assumption corroborated a little later when he brought the food out, almost untouched.

Constance handed him the sweet and coffee. "You ought," she told him scathingly, "to be ashamed of yourself for this trick."

"If looks were daggers," Mike grinned, "I'd probably be dead."

He marched in with the sweet. Fixing his guests with a baleful eye he demanded accusingly, "You know what this is?"



A SOFT WOOL Hartnell model in a color that is a delicious mixture of sea-green, cloud-grey, and sky-blue. The high, round-neck provides a perfect background for the gold-and-shell embroidered neckline which trims it.

"Meringue Maurice," said the girls in unison grimly.

Then suddenly without any warning Joy Haddon burst out laughing and kept on until she was weak and gasping.

At least, Constance thought, Joy is being a good sport about it. I bet she's the one he's going to marry. Suddenly she didn't want to see or hear anything more. She went swiftly to work washing-up, telling herself that never in her life did she want to see Mike Crane again.

Some time later she realized that the next room seemed awfully quiet. "I suppose he's taken them home," she thought. "Or rather taken Barbara home so that he can propose to Joy." Opening the door a little, she saw that the firelit room was empty, so she went in quickly, gathered the plates up on a tray and went back to the kitchen, just in time to meet Mike coming back. She took a firm grip of the tray and said, "I've almost finished. I'll be leaving in five minutes."

Mike took the tray from her and put it on the table.

Not looking at him she asked, because she had to know, "Well, did the dinner work?"

"I don't know yet. I thought perhaps you could help me."

"How could I help?" she de-

manded. "A woman ought to know her own mind."

"That's what I think," he said, picking up a towel and beginning to dry up. "Do you?"

"Do I what?"

"Do you know yours?" He laid down a dry plate and, picking up another one, began to wipe it carefully. "Because this wasn't just a joke to-night. I had to have guests because it seemed that the only way I could get you here was professionally. I mean, if I said, 'Constance, I love you. Could you possibly marry me?' would you know your own mind?"

Constance took her pink hands out of the washing-up bowl and they were covered with shining bubbles. And she didn't even realise that she was speaking until she had said, "Yes, Mike."

Mike didn't stop to put down the plate he was wiping. He just dropped it and the towel on the floor and folded his strong young arms round her.

A long time later he held her at arm's length and said sternly: "What a fraud you are. Guaranteeing that dinner to get a man!"

"Well, didn't it?" Constance asked demurely. "After all, I—I didn't specify who would get him."

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ADVERTISEMENT

A FORTNIGHTLY FEATURE

Over the garden fence



His Socks

HOW TO KEEP YOUR
MAN HAPPY AND SAVE
YOURSELF DARNS

IF THERE'S one thing that gets a man in a real wax, it's to find his new socks shrunk after only having had them on two or three times! And the annoyance isn't all one-sided. . . . Socks that are too short in the foot soon go into holes, and I dare say you don't enjoy mending them any more than he likes wearing them!

Well, the trouble really begins when the socks are bought. Unless they're guaranteed unshrinkable, a certain amount of contraction is simply bound to take place—so it always pays to buy socks half a size (or even a whole size) larger than the foot, and to wash them before they're actually worn.

But, of course, there are many other things which all help to keep socks soft, comfortable and in their original shape.

FEET HAVE 1,600 SWEAT GLANDS PER SQUARE INCH

First, see that your husband doesn't wear his socks too long at a time before having them washed. You see, there are about 1,600 sweat glands per square inch on the sole of the foot, so socks soon get soaked with perspiration. And perspiration (together with friction in wear) causes a certain amount of felting and shrinkage if it's not soon washed out.

In hot sticky weather especially, soak his socks in tepid water for about ten minutes first, and you'll find them far easier to wash. And always avoid rubbing two woollen surfaces together

or you'll "felt" the wool. Don't rub hard soap on the sock either (you won't find it necessary if you've used the correct amount of Persil—I heaped tablespoonful to every gallon of water). Put your hand inside the foot, dip the sock in the suds and rub with the flat of your other hand. And when you've finished, take special care to rinse very thoroughly so that no dirty suds remain behind to make the sock feel harsh. Wash both inside and out.

BE CAREFUL HOW YOU DRY SOCKS

Having taken this extra care, don't let the socks shrink while drying. It's a good plan to use some of those wire sock frames which you can get for about 2/- a pair from any ironmonger. Failing them, your husband may be able to make you a few flat "trees" out of ply-wood. (Ask him to cut them just a little larger than the size of sock he usually wears.)

Another way to keep socks in shape is to stretch them while drying. It's to stretch them while drying to their correct size, then peg them firmly to the line at both toe and heel and, if you like, a peg in the middle, too. Dry them inside out in the shade—and in a breeze if possible.

Still another trick to keep socks their proper size is to press them under a damp cloth, stretching at the same time. Lay the cloth constantly to let the steam escape.

I think that's all there is to-day, but it should be quite enough to bring you a heap of compliments from "that man"!

Lavender and Old Lace



Among your treasures perchance may be a piece of fine old lace—a relic of the days when Great-Grandma trod the stately measures of the Minuet. . . . Or perhaps your lace is of more modern date—the highly skilled work of one of the lacemaking families of Brussels or Milan. And of such fragile pieces, you may well ask: "Dare I wash it?"

Provided you follow certain golden rules, the answer, fortunately, is YES! . . . And the first is this: Handle lace just as little as possible while washing it. If they're small pieces—put them into a wide-necked bottle or jar three parts filled with warm Persil suds. Close the bottle and shake until the lace is almost clean. Without

removing the lace, empty out the water and refill the bottle with fresh warm suds. Repeat the shaking. But remember, you should use Persil to give those delicate threads the care they need.

RINSING: Rinse first in warm water, then use cold rinses until the water runs clear. But don't take the lace out of the bottle. Lace with a net foundation needs a little "body," so for the final rinse dissolve a teaspoonful of powdered gum arabic in half a pint of water. If the lace is silk, you can bring up its sheen by adding half a teaspoonful of methylated spirit to this gum solution. (Remember, too, that if it is silk lace, the water in which it is washed and rinsed should be almost cold.)

DRYING: Now drain off the water, tip the lace on to a dry towel and press out the moisture. Roll up and leave for a few minutes. Then pin the lace on to the ironing table, right side downwards, using rust-proof pins. (See that the table is very well padded, or use a piece of felt, then when the lace is pressed each tiny thread will stand out sharply.) Pin every little point firmly. Start with the plain edges, and then pin the points (e.g., if it is a lace collar, begin with the neck portion, and gently pull the foundation threads out to their fullest extent, taking care to keep to the neck curve).

IRONING: When it is just on "dry," not "aired" (if you do it before, the lace may contract), take out the pins. Without moving the lace, cover with tissue paper and press gently with a warm iron. Keep the iron level.

*Most lace is better for this final light pressing, but there are a few exceptions such as Irish Ribs.

1866

AND ALL THAT

Extracts from a 19th century book of etiquette

During a walk in the country, when ascending a hill or walking on the bank of a stream, and the lady is fatigued, and sits upon the ground, a gentleman will not seat himself by her, but remain standing until she is rested sufficiently to proceed.

A gentleman should never smoke while walking with a lady, not even if she politely fibs by saying it is not offensive to her. In fact, he should not smoke where ladies are, under any circumstances.

A lady will not strike a gentleman with her handkerchief, or tap him with her fan.

During her first season, the young girl does not attend parties without a chaperon, or make any calls unaccompanied by her mother.

A gentleman will not place his arm on the back of a chair occupied by a lady.

If you have any problem connected with washing, however slight . . .

ASK MRS. HOLIDAY

She will be pleased to give it her professional attention. (Address your letter to Mrs. Holiday, P.O. Box 773H, Melbourne.)

Dear Mrs. Holiday:

Q. I have a burgundy Jersey costume, but I find when pressing that the material goes very shiny. Could you advise me as to the best method of pressing?

A. I'd suggest you try pressing this fabric on the wrong side, using a slightly damp muslin between the iron and the actual garment. Or you can tailor-press your costume by using a fairly thick cloth doubled, wetting the top fold and pressing over this. Keep lifting the cloth to allow the steam to escape.

Dear Mrs. Holiday:

Q. My problem is how can I remove a yellow stain, made by cod liver oil, on my baby's crepe-de-santa shawl? I have tried washing it and I have also sent it to the dry cleaner, but the stain is still there.

A. As you've already washed the shawl, treat it with peroxide. Wet out the stain with water. Apply a few drops of peroxide. Leave for a short while, rinse and afterwards wash to make sure the peroxide is removed. (Don't forget, crepe-de-santa needs lukewarm suds and your rinsing water should be at the same temperature.)

Edited by MRS. MARY HOLIDAY

the famous English washing authority
AND A STAFF OF EXPERTS.



As part of a policy of service to their many friends, the makers of Persil present this page for your interest and entertainment.



MISS ALICE BOSTOCK, who is conducting a series of physical exercise sessions for the women in the home from Station 2GB.

Exercises for the woman over thirty

"After thirty years of age not one woman in a thousand has sufficient exercise in the course of the normal day to keep her thoroughly fit."

This is the considered judgment of Miss Alice Bostock, who is presenting from 2GB a series of physical exercises designed specially for the woman in the home.

THESE sessions are broadcast every Monday morning at 9.45. Miss Bostock describes an exercise, which her listeners can practise throughout the week. There is also a special session every Saturday afternoon at 3.45 for the business girl.

This is now a regular feature of 2GB's "Bachelor Girl" Session.

"Everybody realises these days," says Miss Bostock, "that being fit is more essential than ever. One of the safest and surest methods to achieve health is by physical culture."

"Some women declare that their normal housework or their weekly game of golf or tennis gives them all the exercise they need. This is not correct."

"The woman who is getting on in years needs more exercise than is provided by these activities. Otherwise she begins to put on weight, her muscles become soft and flabby, and she falls into flesh."

"Housework is not sufficient, because it is rare for the woman over 30 to put sufficient effort into it."

Sport insufficient

"MANY muscles are not brought into action, and even when they are it is more or less a surface movement. Then again, the woman who has been a regular player of tennis or golf must realise that, excellent as such sports are, they bring into play only a particular set of muscles."

"Tennis players get into the habit, for instance, of making the same movements and of hitting the ball the same way. Thus the whole of the body is not brought into action."

"The whole trouble is that women rarely think to straighten up, and so get the whole of the vital organs into the correct position."

"My advice to women," concludes Miss Bostock, "is to exercise regularly so that every part of the body is brought into action. Now you exercise is just as important as whether you exercise."

"To benefit fully, you must have your mind on what you are doing. Lazy, indolent ways of exercising do not bring results. Correct and systematic exercise is essential, and that is what I am striving to give women, both young and old, in my 2GB 'Girls' Own College of Physical Culture'."

For those who wish to gain the most benefit from these exercises, arrangements have been made for 2GB women listeners to practise under Miss Bostock's guidance at a fully-equipped gymnasium in Sydney.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 198-174 Castlemaine Street, Sydney.

They thought Judy's nightie was white



... till they saw Auntie's PERSIL-WASHED SHEETS

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PLAY-TIME DRESS

Even a beginner can follow this easy-to-make Mary Holiday pattern, which includes an illustrated, step-by-step sewing guide, cutting out chart and washing instructions. You can obtain this beautiful overseas pattern, usually 2/- to 3/-, by sending 8d. in stamps (6d. for pattern, 2d. for postage, etc.) to "PATTERNS," P.O. Box 495 H, Melbourne. (Pattern can be obtained only by post, and from this address. Don't forget to give full name, address and State. Ask for Pattern W.16 (and state clearly what size you require).)

For the SATURDAY NIGHT MENU

● Something hot, something satisfying, easy to prepare and not spoilt by waiting should be the usual choice for the winter Saturday night main dish.

THE tested recipes on this page to-day are just ideal for the Saturday night menu.

They are budget balancing, and chosen for hearty appetites. Each dish can be made to look as good as it tastes.

You can experiment with each recipe, adding your favorite seasonings—here a dash of nutmeg, there a hint of horseradish—extra chopped parsley for the children, or a further measure of sharp sauce for the more sophisticated palate.

MINCEMEAT SPAGHETTI CASSOLETTES

Six ounces spaghetti, 8oz. mince-meat, 1 small onion, 1 tomato, 1 dessertspoon dripping, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, pepper and salt, 1 tablespoon browned breadcrumbs.

Cook spaghetti in fast-boiling water, drain and rinse in cold water. Grease six small moulds and sprinkle with brown breadcrumbs. Line moulds with swirls of spaghetti. Lightly brown the chopped onion in the dripping; add the mince-meat and tomato, parsley and mustard and pepper and salt and cook for a few minutes until the meat has changed color. Add the rest of the spaghetti and pile into the lined moulds. Cook in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 30 minutes. Turn out and serve hot with vegetables.

RED CABBAGE PLATTER

One small red cabbage, 2 cooking apples, 1 small onion, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup claret, 18 small sausages.

Shred and boil the cabbage in a small quantity of water, adding one tablespoon vinegar to preserve the color. Drain and reserve one cup of liquid. Place a layer of cabbage in a greased oven-proof dish. Chop the onion and apples finely and combine with the sugar, salt, and flour, and place in alternate layers with the cabbage. Pour in the claret and the liquor and dot top with butter. Cover and bake in a moderate oven for one hour, removing the lid for the last ten minutes. Serve piping hot with crisp, brown sausages.

SAVORY CABBAGE MOULD

Three cups shredded cabbage, 1 or 2 eggs, 1 finely-minced pig's cheek, 1½ tablespoons flour, 2 diced apples, pinch nutmeg, pepper and salt.

Mix meat and flour and season with pepper and salt and nutmeg. Add beaten eggs. Grease pudding basin and fill with alternate layers of finely-shredded cabbage, meat and diced apples. Press down well, cover and steam 1½ hours. Serve hot with a brown or white sauce.

HOT LIVER SAUSAGE

Half pound lean steak, 1 lamb's fry, 1lb. fat bacon, 1 cup white breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon made mustard, 1 egg, browned breadcrumbs.

Soak the lamb's fry in warm water for half an hour; remove the skin and chop finely. Mince the steak and bacon and add with the flavorings to the liver. Beat the egg and combine with the other ingredients.



Form into a firm roll, tie in a floured pudding cloth, plunge into boiling water, and simmer for 2 hours. Remove from cloth and roll in browned breadcrumbs.

CREAMED RABBIT (with capers and celery)

One rabbit, 1 large onion, 1 cup diced celery, 1 pint water or stock, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, pepper and salt, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 pint milk, 1½ tablespoons capers, 1 or 2 hard-boiled eggs.

Soak the rabbit in warm salted water for half an hour. Wipe dry and cut into neat joints. Place in layers with the sliced onion and diced celery. Sprinkle lightly with salt and nutmeg and add the stock. Cook in a slow oven (325 deg. F.) for 2 hours. Pour off some of the liquid and add the milk and blended flour. Replace in the oven and bring to boiling point. Add the

By MARY FORBES

● Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

capers before serving and serve piping hot, garnished with quartered hard-boiled eggs and parsley.

CAULIFLOWER AND OYSTER FLAN

One small cauliflower, 1 pint good white sauce, 1 doz. oysters, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 tablespoon browned breadcrumbs, paprika, 1 lemon, parsley, 1 cheese pastry-case, 3 rashers of bacon.

Rinse and cook the cauliflower whole and drain carefully. Prepare the cheese pastry-case, cooking in a 7in. sandwich-tin. Place the drained cooked cauliflower in the flan case and cover with the white sauce to which the oysters have been added. Sprinkle with the cheese and brown breadcrumbs and dust with paprika. Brown quickly in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) and serve hot, garnished with lemon wedges and parsley and bacon rolls.

MACARONI MEXICANA

Six ounces macaroni, 2 apples, 1 onion, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 cup stock or water, 3 rashers of bacon, 3 tomatoes, 6 slices of cheese, pepper and salt.

MINCEMEAT SPAGHETTI CASSOLETTES. This appetising-looking dish makes most suitable main dish for the Saturday night menu. The cassolettes are cooked in individual moulds and served with vegetables—carrots, Brussels sprouts, or any others desired.

Cook the macaroni in fast-boiling salted water, and drain. Chop the onion finely and fry in the dripping; add the flour and brown and stir in the stock; add the grated apple and simmer 5 minutes. Add the lemon rind and juice, curry powder, and macaroni, and heat thoroughly. Serve very hot together with grilled bacon rolls and grilled tomato halves topped with toasted cheese slices.

AUSTRALIAN RAREBIT

Two cups shredded cheese, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 cup beer, 1 egg-yolk, 3 slices of hot buttered toast, paprika, bacon rolls.

Place the grated cheese in the top of a double boiler or over a very low heat and melt slowly. As the cheese begins to melt, slowly stir in half the beer. Combine the remainder of the beer with the egg-yolk, add to the cheese mixture, and stir until smooth. Serve at once, very hot, on the buttered toast; sprinkle with paprika and top with bacon rolls.

LAMB CREOLE WITH CHEESE TOAST

Two cups minced cooked lamb, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 dessertspoon minced eschalot, 1 apple, 1 dessertspoon chopped gherkin, 1 teaspoon chili sauce, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 1 cup wine if liked, 1 cup good white sauce, 6 small triangles of buttered toast, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, cayenne pepper, and salt.

Saute the eschalot in the butter for three minutes; add the grated apple and cook for another minute. Add the chopped eggs, the gherkin, chili sauce, mustard, wine and white sauce, and the minced lamb. Season to taste with pepper and salt, and heat thoroughly. Brown the cheese on the toast triangles under a red-hot grill, and serve in overlapping points on the hot lamb.

SPAGHETTI SUPPER

Eight ounces spaghetti, 1 cup tomato puree, 1 onion, 1 dessertspoon dripping, pepper and salt, 4 rashers of bacon, 6 lamb kidneys, 2 dessertspoons butter, cayenne pepper.

Cook the spaghetti in fast-boiling

water until tender, and drain. Chop the onion and lightly brown in the fat and add with the tomato puree to the spaghetti and season to taste. Skin the kidneys and brush with butter and grill or fry lightly. Remove the rind from the bacon, roll, skewer, and grill. Pile the very hot spaghetti on a hot dish, and arrange on top the kidneys and bacon rolls. Serve piping hot, garnished with parsley.

"YOURS FOR SERVICE"

"Soup Ahoy"—rich creamy Rosella Tomato Soup, double strength, double value—twice as much soup from every can. Serve it often also Rosella Vegetable, Celery, Pea, Game, Oxtail, Asparagus.

Rosella

OVER 100 PURE FOODS

PRIZE-WINNING RECIPES . . .

THIS fascinating best recipe competition is open to everybody.

All you have to do to enter is write out your pet recipe, attach name and address and send to this office.

First prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.

So if you have a recipe that is universally acclaimed by your family and friends send it along and it may win a cash prize for you. As well as tempting savories, this week's selections give some brand-new suggestions for sweets and cakes.

TIMBALE OF KIDNEY AND BACON

Line a deep, round dish with rashers of streaky bacon, laying each rasher so that it touches the one before it. Melt 2oz. of butter in a saucepan, add 1 onion (sliced finely) and fry until golden brown. Add 4oz. of raw rice and continue to fry until pale fawn in color. Add to this one pint of stock and boil gently until rice is tender.

Coat inside of a prepared dish with half of this mixture and sprinkle liberally with grated cheese. Skin, core, and slice 4 sheep's kidneys, fry in butter for a few minutes, then add to them 1 pint of good gravy or sauce, season with salt and pepper, and tip into prepared dish. Cover with remainder of rice mixture.

● This week our readers' favorite recipes show a delectable variety. Your family will love the delicious savory dish which wins the first prize.

Stand dish in a pan of water, cover with buttered paper, and bake 45 minutes in a moderate oven.

First Prize of £1 to Miss F. M. Whitehead, Florence St., Goodwood, S.A.

RUSSIAN GINGERBREAD BAR

Two ounces butter, 2oz. brown sugar, 2 tablespoons treacle, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, pinch salt, 5oz. flour, 1 teaspoon each powdered cinnamon, ginger, mixed spice, carbonate of soda, 1 cup each sultanas, currants, preserved ginger, chopped nuts, and candied peel.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg, treacle, milk, fruit, and chopped nuts, then sifted flour and other dry ingredients.

Pour into a greased and floured oblong cake tin and bake in a moderate oven about 35 minutes. Cool.

Icing: Mix 1 cup icing sugar, 1 teaspoon melted butter, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence, and about 1 teaspoon boiling water to form a smooth-pouring consistency. Spread on cake and sprinkle with finely-diced candied orange peel.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Marcel, 210 Clarendon St., East Melbourne.

APPLE TEA CAKE

Six ounces self-raising flour, 2oz. butter, 2oz. castor sugar, 1 egg, 1 gill milk.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add well-beaten egg gradually, then milk and lastly flour. Mix lightly and place in well-greased tin. Arrange raw grated apple on top and sprinkle with cinnamon. Cook in moderate oven for 15-20 minutes. Can be used also as a sweet served with custard or cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Petty, Wollert, Vic.

DEVILLED SWISS STEAK

Mix 1 tablespoon of dry mustard with 1 cup of flour. Pound into 1lb. of 1-inch-thick round top steak. Season with salt and pepper. Brown on both sides in a little fat. Place in a small casserole and pour over it 1 cup of sliced onions, 1 carrot, diced, 11 cups of canned tomatoes, 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, and 1 tablespoon brown sugar. Cover. Bake in a moderately slow oven for 2 hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Constance Christie, c/o G. J. Coles' Buying Office, 282 Little Collins St., Melbourne.

DATE CHEESE

One pound of rhubarb, 4oz. dates. Wash rhubarb, cut into one-inch lengths, mix with 4oz. chopped dates, pack in pudding basin, place buttered paper over top and steam until rhubarb is tender. A delicious filling for tarts, turnovers or sandwiches.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Murden, 2 Hunt St., Nth. Tamworth, N.S.W.

CRUMBED VEAL SHAPES WITH PINEAPPLE

Two cups diced cooked veal, 2-3rd cup fine breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon minced onion, 1 cup pineapple juice, 1 egg, 6 slices pineapple, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, pinch cloves.

Mix together veal, crumbs, salt, onion, and egg. Shape into six cutlets and put one on each pineapple slice. Place on a greased baking dish. Heat butter, sugar, cloves, and pineapple juice and pour over the cutlets. Cover with greased paper and bake in a moderate oven for 30 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Cunningham, 187 Fernberg Rd., Paddington, Brisbane.

MONTE CARLO BISCUITS

Biscuits: 2 tablespoons sugar, 4oz. butter, 2 tablespoons water, 2 cups self-raising flour, few drops vanilla.

Filling: 1 dessertspoon butter, 2 tablespoons icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon raspberry jam.

Cream butter and sugar. Add water and flour, add essence. Roll into balls, mark with a fork. Place on a greased tray and bake 15-20 minutes in a hot oven. Join with a raspberry filling made by creaming butter, icing sugar, and adding raspberry jam gradually.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Betty Crean, 14 Edgar St., Eastwood, N.S.W.

LEMON BUTTER TAPIOCA MERINGUE

Two tablespoons tapioca, cold water to soak, 11 cups salted boiling water, 2 eggs, 11 tablespoons lemon butter, juice 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 cups honey.

Soak tapioca in cold water, then drain, add boiling water. Cook until clear. Beat egg-yolks, add 1 cup honey and lemon butter, stir in lemon juice and lemon rind. Gradually stir into tapioca. Place in a double boiler and cook till transparent.

Pour into a buttered piedish. Beat egg-whites very stiff, fold in honey and spread on top of pudding. Bake in a slow oven until meringue is golden.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. V. Dixon, 18 Tennis Grove, Nth. Caulfield, Vic.

NUT APRICOT BREAD

Half cup dried apricots, 1 egg, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 tea-



IF YOU HAVE one of those very attractive sheepskin rugs, you probably know how difficult they are to keep clean, but don't be daunted when they get a little grubby, says Miss Precious Minutes. Simply sprinkle powdered magnesia through the fur, let it lie for a day, and then brush thoroughly. Lana Turner (MGM) has such confidence in this method that she can sit on hers without a thought for her dark skirt.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

TO remove the newness from new blankets and make them beautiful and soft, add 1lb. carbonate of soda to a bath of cold water and soak the blankets for about an hour prior to washing in warm soapy suds.

NEVER put bristles of any kind into very hot water. It weakens them and makes them soft. Use warm water and finish off with a rinse in cold water.

IF eggs are scarce a tablespoon of golden syrup in a cup of warm milk equals 3 eggs. Golden syrup used in a pudding will serve the purpose of sugar, eggs, and milk, and will keep it moist.

TO remove stains from colored material, soak the stained part in warm milk, then rinse.

METHYLATED spirit rubbed on a superficial burn caused through cooking operations will give definite and immediate ease from pain.

TO revive the colors of a hearth-rug, beat and brush it to remove the dust, and then sponge with a cloth dampened with ammonia. Do not use this if the colors are likely to run.

TO remove hard-boiled eggs from the shells quickly, cut in halves through the shells, run the knife around inside and the half-eggs will turn out cleanly without cold running water, chipping and peeling.

spoon salt, 1 cup orange juice, 1 cup water, 1 cup chopped nuts.

Soak apricots 1 hour, drain and mince. Beat egg until light, stir in sugar and mix well. Stir in butter. Sift flour with baking powder, soda and salt, and add alternately with orange juice and water. Add nuts and apricots and mix well. Pour into well-greased loaf tin and bake in moderate oven 11 hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. H. Morgan, Glengarry, Mypunga, S.A.

GOLDEN SHORTCAKE WITH PINEAPPLE CREAM

Shortcake: Three ounces flour, 2 egg-yolks, 11oz. cornflour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2oz. castor sugar, 4oz. butter, pinch of salt, vanilla.

Pineapple Cream: One small tin crushed, drained pineapple, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 cup chopped marshmallows, 1 cup whipped cream.

Cream butter and castor sugar and add egg-yolks one at a time, beating well. Stir in sifted flour, cornflour, baking powder, and salt, and flavor with vanilla. Place in a well-greased sandwich tin and bake in upper half of a moderate oven (temperature 350 degrees F.) for 25 to 30 minutes. Combine ingredients for pineapple cream, split shortcake when cold, pour over a little melted butter and cover with half mixture. Join together and heap remainder on top. Decorate with a few crystallized cherries, about 4 or 5 marshmallows, and a few pieces of angelica. Chill before serving.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Malzard, 2 Salt St., Concord, N.S.W.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Importance of vegetables in the diet

IN these uncertain times when emergency measures may have to be taken and food may need to be stored, it is more important than ever that each home should be as self-supporting as possible.

Fresh vegetables are so essential for young and growing children, as well as adults, that space in every garden should be made available for growing vegetables. Parents should also learn the food value of every-day vegetables and how to grow them.

A leaflet on this subject was prepared recently and was so popular with mothers that now another leaflet giving further information about growing vegetables at home has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. A copy will be forwarded free if a request, together with stamped addressed envelope, is forwarded to the Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney. Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

It was SHEER BRIBERY!



FRANK. Now come on, Dot. Eat it up. Look, lovely green peas.
MADGE. Darling, if you finish everything up, I'll take you down to the beach this afternoon.



FRANK. There is no use bribing her! She won't eat—and look at her! As thin as a rake.
MADGE. We'll take her to the doctor this afternoon, that's where we'll go.



DOCTOR. Mrs. Hall, Dot's a very sensitive and nervous type of child, and her troubles are really due to her sleep. You see, children grow during sleep. This uses up their energy. Heartbeats and breathing at night also use up energy. It stands to reason that if energy isn't replaced during sleep, children get run down, pale, thin — that's Night-Starvation. So give Dot Horlicks every night.



FRANK. What's this? Another helping? This isn't the same little girl I used to know!
MADGE. Tell Daddy how much you weigh now darling!

Priced from 1/6; economy also, 2/9. Special pack with mixer, 2/-.

HORLICKS

GUARDS CHILDREN AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION

LOVELY TEETH . . . and how to guard them

● A radiant smile can work miracles for the most nondescript person, and white teeth are an important beauty asset, so regard your dentist as a beautician, too.

BY JANETTE



TO KEEP teeth healthy, the dietary angle must not be overlooked. Milk is an excellent beautifier, and crunchy wholewheat biscuits provide exercise for teeth and gums.

Care of the teeth

- Don't spare the mouth-wash and gargle.
- Have your dentist clean your teeth thoroughly as well as fill them.
- Make sure your diet contains plenty of minerals and protective foods, such as green vegetables, fruit, and milk.
- Promote circulation in the gums by massaging them each day.
- Remember, too many sweets and cakes spell decay.

MONDAY: To-day I found the secret of "complexion-beauty"

Yes, to-day I was introduced to Corinne Rose Cream, a beauty product that no woman, however lovely, should be without! Perfect powder base, "Corinne" Rose Cream is the natural beauty emulsion for the skin, and so it cleanses, rejuvenates and beautifies as nothing else can.

Bottles 2/6 and 1/- Tubes 1/6
at Chemists and Beauty Stores

**Corinne
ROSE CREAM**
THE ONE POWDER BASE
THAT BEAUTIFIES



LEAH RAY, 20th Century-Fox starlet, ranks beautiful white teeth as a prime aid to charm, and realises that frequent brushings are vitally necessary to keep them that way.

MOST women, of course, know that tooth decay can result from the fermentation of tiny particles of food left in contact with the teeth.

Most of them know, too, that frequent tooth brushings are essential to keep the teeth clean, healthy and sparkling. But dentists now claim that it is impossible to check tooth decay through mouth hygiene alone.

Recent tests indicate that the saliva in the mouth exerts great control over the condition of the teeth. And the composition of that saliva depends greatly upon the daily diet.

When the diet is poor in minerals, the saliva is also deficient. And in order to make up this deficiency the saliva attacks the enamel of the teeth. Once the enamel is thus roughened, bacteria collects and dental decay begins.

In order to prevent the saliva from attacking the enamel of the teeth, it is necessary that the daily diet be sufficiently rich in minerals. Orange or lemon juice is excellent for helping to prevent tooth decay and gum disorders. And the protective foods—milk, green vegetables, leafy salads and fruits especially—should be liberally consumed.

Healthy gums

MASSAGE your gums every day if you wish to preserve an attractive, pink setting for your teeth. Stir up a brisk circulation of the blood through them.

You may brush and massage your gums at the same time that you cleanse your teeth, if you wish. Or, as some dentists advise, you may use one of those small rubber brushes to massage your gums after you have cleansed your teeth.

Also, make it a practice to include in your daily diet some foods that will provide exercise for your teeth and gums. Eat hard foods, fibrous foods that require thorough chewing. Crusty foods such as crisp toast, hard rolls, celery, radishes, fibrous vegetables and apples are particularly effective in providing the teeth and gums with the exercise so essential to their health and to their continued loveliness.



Always look for the name

MORLEY

ON UNDERWEAR
AND SLUMBERWEAR

The Doctor Tells You What to do

PATIENT: Doctor, I have such a sore throat it is painful for me both to talk and to swallow. I've had it for several days and it is no better.

DOCTOR: Every doctor has heard of this complaint many times during the past few weeks.

"Sore throat" may arise from a variety of causes. In many cases it heralds the approach of a common cold, or it may be the first sign of any one of a number of infectious illnesses, among them mumps, measles, scarlet fever, and diphtheria. A throat may also become very swollen and inflamed as a result of continuous coughing.

But we are concerned mainly with sore throat arising from a direct infection of the throat itself, septic sore throat, or streptococcal throat.

In this case the throat develops a typically ulcerated appearance and is very painful.

ABOUT A SORE THROAT

The trouble is caused by a germ, the streptococcus. It is very similar to the germ responsible for scarlet fever, and indeed this complaint may be regarded as a mild variation of scarlet fever.

As with scarlet fever, this infection, if neglected, may spread from the throat and affect other parts of the body, notably the middle ear, heart, or the joints.

The treatment for this type of sore throat used to be frequent gargling with a solution of common salt and bicarbonate of soda.

But gargling for a sore throat is not used much nowadays, since it has been realised that a gargle does not reach the tonsils.

Doctors advise an irrigation, using a solution of baking soda, one dessertspoonful to the pint.

To irrigate the throat you need a douche can which can be hung high on the wall (or on a high shelf) and which has an outlet at the base where a length of rubber tubing may be attached.

The rubber tubing should be four feet long. At the other end the tubing is attached to a piece of glass tubing similar to that used in medicine droppers.

Fill the can with a warm solution of the baking soda, so that the solution runs freely through the rubber tubing. Then, leaning forward over a basin or sink, direct the flow towards the back of the throat. Say "Ah" several times to allow it to get right to the back of the throat behind the tonsils.

Necessary treatment

IF the soreness persists for more than 24 hours, call a doctor. He will prescribe treatment to destroy the germs before they have time to spread to other parts of the body.

Douching with baking soda is helpful also in cases of throats swollen or sore from excessive coughing. But treatment here is, above all, rest—rest from the cause of irritation. It may be easier said than done to stop coughing. But you will find it a help if you stop talking and remain still as much as possible.

Something to take one's mind off the cough, such as an exciting book, is also helpful.

A teaspoonful of olive oil, mixed with a small pinch of salt, helps the throat mechanically.

Another good idea is a cup of warm milk containing a teaspoonful



DR. DAFOE, the Quins' physician, taking Marie's temperature because she complained of a slight soreness in her throat. At first sign of a cold or chill the Quins are put to bed, kept warm, and given plenty of fresh fruit drinks.

of glycerine, or simply a teaspoon of glycerine every hour.

There is no special means of preventing sore throat except by observing general health rules regarding food, exercise, fresh air, and sleep.

During an epidemic avoid needless contact with others, especially people who are coughing, sneezing, or sniffing.

One point worthy of notice is that the germs of septic sore throat are among those which can be transmitted via the milk supply.

One person working in a dairy may transmit his infection to a whole district consuming raw milk. The use of pasteurised milk delivered in sealed bottles removes this possible source of infection.

DO YOU KNOW? STEPPING OVER ROOT SORE!

IN MALEKULA (SOUTH SEA ISLANDS) A WOMAN RETURNS TO HER FATHERS HOUSE THREE YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE, AND REMAINS INSIDE FOR FIVE DAYS BEFORE HAVING ALL HER TEETH DRAWN. DURING THIS TIME SHE MAY NOT TALK TO ANYONE BUT HER FATHER OR MOTHER. EAT PIG OR BANANA, OR STEP OVER A ROOT! IF SHE DOES THIS LAST, IT IS BELIEVED THAT HER GUMS WOULD DEVELOP A BIG SORE!

WHEN FOOD PARTICLES BECOME WEDGED BETWEEN YOUR TEETH, "BACTERIAL MOUTH" STARTS. KOLYNOS bursts into a glorious foam of ANTISEPTIC BUBBLES which surge IN BETWEEN YOUR TEETH AND LEAVE THEM ANTISEPTICALLY CLEAN YOUR TEETH SPARKLE with NEW LUSTRE AND KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY TOOTH PASTES. 1/2 INCH ON A DRY BRUSH IS ENOUGH.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM 1/3 and 2!

KNOX EARLY ENGLISH WRITER, SAYS: "A KIND DENTIST DECLARED THAT HE WAS POSSESSED OF AN ART WHICH WOULD PREVENT ALL BAD CONSEQUENCES AND CONTINUE THE BEAUTY OF MY PEARLY ORNAMENTS SET BETWEEN RUBIES. SO THAT THEY WOULD REMAIN UNSULLIED DURING LIFE."

TEETH WERE "PEARLS SET BETWEEN RUBIES!"

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

IN THE GARDEN AT NIGHT



A LOVELY OLD-WORLD GARDEN which at night-time is fragrant with the perfume of flowers. Below our Home Gardener tells you what to plant for night-time perfume. Photo by Antoine.

ADMITTEDLY the mosquito drives us indoors very early during summer months, but there are certain times of the year when gardeners miss the beauty and sweetness of their garden and waste the fragrant hours indoors.

During those months when the ubiquitous pest is absent gardeners should make the most of the garden joys, and learn many things about the plots they treasure that no amount of day study can provide.

But with winter waning and spring not far behind, the thoughts of all gardeners naturally wander to these delights of spring and early summer, before the things that buzz and sting make the garden a place to be avoided.

In the warmer parts of the country the first sowings of mathiola or Virginian night-scented stock can be made in beds where they must permanently stand, for this delicate little plant will not withstand transplanting.

In daytime a modest, rather colorless flower . . . at night-time the most fragrant of all plants that grow in the temperate zone. Even the bigger family of stocks, the Nice, Brompton and Ten Weeks' varieties, seem to me to give more fragrance at night, and if freshly watered, or

● To capture the magic of night grow night-scenting flowers and shrubs and your garden will become an enchanted land with a lovely fragrance that is unforgettable.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER

after a short, sharp shower, literally scent the air for yards around.

In the cooler climates gardeners know the joys of the lilac in spring-time, and few can pass a philadelphus or mock orange at night without detecting its powerful scent.

Jasmine hedges or archways covered with the climbing variety are noted for their delicate perfume, and the clove-scented golden currant, Himalayan musk rose, lavender, rosemary, sages, thyme, lemon thyme, and that old herb the tansy may all be depended upon to scent the air at night when the mild trade winds are blowing.

Late winter and early spring are ideal times for planting these fragrant shrubs and many others, and the gardener can add to them by setting out buddleias, daphnes, genistas, magnolias, skimmia, psartium, viburnum fragrans, and wistaria, safe in the knowledge that they, too, will help to make night in the garden sweeter and lovelier.

There is still time to plant out

scented roses and plants with fragrant foliage, such as lavender, thyme, santolina, melissa, asperula odorata, and aloysia citriodora.

And in a few weeks' time, if the ground has been well prepared, the gardener can sow seed of alyssum (Sweet Alice), Sweet William, sweet sultan, heliotrope, lathyrus (everlasting sweet-pea), mignonette, or set out plants now of carnations, dianthus, primrose, paeonies, scabious, verbenas, and annual wallflower.

And who has passed a herb garden, with its mint, peppermint, balm, catmint, bergamot mint, sweet Cicely, tansy, marjoram, and camomile, without remembering that very spot for many years after?

Only the understanding children of Mother Earth can know these delights, these joys that the magic of night can bring. I recommend it to those of you who regard your garden as a lost or unknown land once the lights begin to twinkle from the neighboring houses.

Bring charm to the home with BRIGHT COTTONS

● In England interior decorators are rediscovering the piquant appeal of cretonnes and glazed chintz for furnishings. Even the Royal Family appreciate the charm of these fabrics in the stately atmosphere of the Royal Palace.

By ALISON SETTLE in London



RESTFUL LOUNGE-ROOM with cream panelled walls and polished brown wood floor. The furniture is upholstered in deep olive-green cretonne printed with huge cream leaves.

THE furnishing fabric famous the world over as tremendously British is cotton in the form of chintz or cretonne, the former glazed, the latter matt. There is no country house in England and few town houses which do not have some rooms both curtained and upholstered in chintzes or cretonnes.

Chintzes are now almost entirely used for furnishing. But once they made the most discussed dresses in England, and it was they which laid the foundations of the great cotton trade of Britain.

The early chintzes, or cottons printed (or painted) with patterns, came from India, and women were immediately delighted with them. In no time at all they were having them made up into cotton dresses.

But the wealth of England depended largely on the making of rich dress materials, damasks for the rich and worsteds for the poorer people; at once these fabric makers demanded the suppression of such a "poor" fabric as these cottons—calicoes, they called them.

They had the idea that because cotton was simple it could not be smart. How wrong they were!

Every elegant woman wanted to wear a patterned calico or chintz. The rich fabric makers had them forbidden by law; women went on wearing them. They could neither be imported nor made in the country, yet supplies continued to appear.

Sometimes we think of the fashions of our great-grandmothers (and their mothers) as being static, but as far back as 1787 patterns for cottons had to be copyrighted for

two months only, so quickly did the new fashions appear and disappear. Now only children's frocks and gardening dresses are made in chintzes; for the rest they are reserved for house decoration. The colors glow richly with all the warmth of an English flower-garden, for, traditionally, the designs are those of flower bouquets, incorporating all the flowers which make the glory of an English flower border.

And naturally the rose of England is not least among them. Take, for instance, some of the chintzes which have been chosen for the Royal Palaces.

Princesses choose chintz

FOR the young Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, traditional flower chintz patterns have been adopted. For their bedrooms there are bouquets of roses, peonies, and other rich big flowers in the natural colors, rose-red and blue predominating, the patterned bouquets being connected on the fabric with a rococo framework and green leaves.

For the King's room there are large bouquets, again of English flowers—dahlias, poppies, primulas—with the English moss rosebud dotted between, the design linked this time by lacework in the background, which background is in parchment tint.

A third design for Windsor Castle, this time for Her Majesty's rooms, has bouquets of natural flowers in tones of rose, pink, and blue, with soft green-blue foliage, against a natural background, the connecting

pattern this time being fluted ribbons running from one bouquet to another. The flowers are tulips, poppies, and the English rose.

They were chosen not by the manufacturer sending up samples specially designed for the Royal use, but bought from a furnishing fabric shop in Windsor, for their Majesties prefer to buy the things which their subjects like and can purchase rather than have things which are kept exclusively for their Royal use.

Once wallpapers and bedhangings, chair-covers, bedspreads, curtains were all designed en suite, printed in the same pattern. This was a fashion confined to the smaller rooms, both bedrooms and intimate sitting-rooms.

It may sound a trifle monotonous, but it was a fashion usually carried out only in two colors, rose-red and white, or blue and grey.

In the eighteenth century the wife of England's most famous actor, David Garrick, had her bedroom so furnished, the wallpaper printer copying her curtain chintzes.

Individual smart women can still get a pattern or a special coloring kept for their own exclusive use. One firm which provides many of the loveliest furnishing fabrics is doing this now for clients in America, South Africa, Australia, and elsewhere.

The patterns vary from vast floral bouquets to the tiniest flower sprigs; oddly enough, the in-between sizes are seldom in demand.

For a South African client they are printing a vast design, flowers in an urn, with swags, the whole



UTTERLY FEMININE bedroom, showing the witchery of glazed chintz in dusty-rose splashed with huge flowers in ivory, brown, and sage-green. The furniture is cream lacquered, the filmy net curtains ivory, and the carpet dusty-rose.

framed in rococo style. Violet, yellow, and petunia are the colorings, with touches of orange, the ground colors being aubergine for that part outside the frame, grey-blue within. Each flower group is fifty inches by fifty inches; each group uses one hundred and eighty-two blocks (for it is printed by hand) to be repeated seventeen times for each of the different colors used.

They are also handprinting a design kept exclusively for a customer in Peru, a pattern of minute yellow roses on a brown background, the roses connected by ribbons and knots of pale blue ribbon.

When the Duke of Kent, the King's youngest brother, was going to Australia just before the war, expecting to stay there for a term of years, he went to the fabric showrooms to choose the materials

that he and the Duchess would take out.

His choice fell on these very cottons, one a glazed chintz in Regency stripes of rose and cream, one a thick white cotton twill two more chintzes, one in green patterned with grey again and white leaves, the other blue with white anchors and white waves.

Here again are three more which the Duke picked out: an aubergine ground patterned with vine leaves, red cherries, and cherry leaves; peonies in shades of tan and brown on red; wheat heads in red and yellow on white.

Lastly, for the Duchess' rooms he ordered a rough-surfaced linen in the very palest shade of blue, run with lines of brilliant silver metal, and another curtaining like it but in a rich sky-blue.



MOYGASHEL

5-PRING-BAK NON-K-R-U-SH

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MANY LOVELY SHADES

CREASE-RESISTING

FADELESS



How deliciously cool and fresh for summer.
How practical, too, for MOYGASHEL
SPRINGBAK LINENS AND NON-
KRUSH RAYONS are crease-resisting.
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For your spring and summer dresses
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THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE
FOR QUALITY

THIN CAPTAIN

A plain cracker with the scalloped edge slightly raised for the practical purpose of holding savouries. Equally pleasant spread with butter, cheese, or jam. . . .



SPICY CRUNCH

This new biscuit, with its sweet, spicy flavour is quite distinctive. The specially-blended spices are combined with other toothsome ingredients so as to form a very delicious crunchy biscuit. . . .



BUTTER NUT COOKIE

Here is an every-age cookie with a rich, fresh, butter flavour, blended deliciously with a nuttiness and crunchy crispness. Butter Nut Cookies are already in the front rank of popularity.



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ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR ARNOTT'S — THEY ARE BETTER THAN EVER!